

THE CRITIC,

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, AND PUBLISHERS.

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NOTICE.

As Christmas Day falls on Saturday next, and it is a rule with us that all in our service shall enjoy an uninterrupted holiday on that day, we are sure our readers will not object to the publication of THE CRITIC on Friday, and that Advertisers will send their advertisements a day earlier, so that they may come to hand on Thursday.

TO THE READERS OF THE CRITIC.

In compliance with objections, as we think rightly urged, by many readers, who are desirous that THE CRITIC should be distinguished from its contemporaries as a Journal for Family Reading and Enjoyment, we have directed the Publisher to depart from the general practice, and to refuse admission to *all advertisements of an objectionable character*. This will necessarily be attended with a great pecuniary sacrifice, which a young journal can ill afford; but we hope that some preference will be shewn to THE CRITIC on that account, and that an increased circulation in families will compensate for the loss accruing from the omission of those advertisements.

"In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism—the object of the reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement—he wishes to give faithful accounts (which he generally does by extracts) of new publications; and doubtless this, *after all*, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once a quarter, they certainly would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether, reviews in the quarterlies are more judicious and true than those in the weekly reviews; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book."—BULWER.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Essays, Lectures, and Orations. By RALPH WARD EMERSON. London, 1848. Orr and Co.

It is impossible to mistake the tendency of our times, and of our country especially. This is a period of intellectual decline. Mind, in our generation, has lost its daring, its power, and its grasp, its originality, its self-reliance, its lofty aspirations, its individuality; and, enfeebled and timid, it finds occupation in false sentimentalism, or a material philosophy, of which selfishness is the principle, and £ s. d. the sum. As WORDSWORTH says, "The world is too much with us."

The proofs are patent where they would most readily be found—in our literature. Philosophy in its loftiest form is extinct among us. Poetry, which is philosophy revealing itself in language intelligible to the work-day world, can find no listeners. The periodical press, which faithfully reflects the popular taste, sedulously shuns either topic. Every day, more and more are they compelled to cater for the *amusement* of their readers, and to avoid anything that has the form, or even the substance, of *instruction*. The only writings that reward their authors, because the only works that find an extensive sale, are exciting romances, jest-books, and illustrated works—publications which either kindle the passions, or create a laugh, or please the eye, and impose no labour on the understanding, and stir not up the mind to the task of thought. Of the numerous periodicals published in Great Britain, THE CRITIC alone devotes the slightest attention to the highest branches of human knowledge—the divinest efforts of the immortal spirit that our age is striving to bind and chain to earth—the Mental Philosophy which is really the most valuable of all knowledge, measured by the most grovelling calculations of utility, and the Philosophy of Being, which, if it do no more than lift

us nigher to God, is entitled to some notice from those who profess to guide the age, though, in fact, they but reflect it. Our reading memory extends backward about five-and-twenty years, and comparing *then* and *now* this intellectual decline is painfully visible. Then there was a Philosophy;—the quarterly reviews and the magazines never passed three numbers without an article belonging to that class. The *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, and the *Westminster*, after their different creeds, did battle each for its own doctrines, and by the conflict was the public mind stimulated to thought, and out of the strife came truth. Poetry was then read by everybody, and all professed at least a regard for it. Now, even the quarterlies shun Philosophy in any shape; the literary journals, save this alone, pass it in silence, or treat it with ridicule; and few would have the hardihood in private society, still fewer in a public assembly, to own themselves lovers and cultivators of poetry. It would be far better for THE CRITIC, commercially, to follow the fashion, eschew Philosophy, and sneer at Poetry; but we cannot find it in our conscience to do so. Although we do not pretend to disregard the question of profit or loss, and should be glad to be rewarded in substantial cash for our weekly toils, instead of labouring, as we have yet done and still do, with no other reward than the consciousness of diffusing honest, if mistaken, views of books, and art, and society, we cannot refuse such influence as THE CRITIC has created in a circle, already by no means despicable, and daily extending, to the sustainment of that cultivation of the loftier powers of the intellect which are man's proudest distinction, and the neglect of which by any people is inevitably the forerunner of national decay.

Therefore do we welcome with heartiest congratulations to our shores, RALPH WARD EMERSON, the Philosopher of America. He has already begun his mission here. Our readers have doubtless read the abstracts of some of his lectures delivered at Manchester, which have appeared in these pages. Glad are we to learn that they were numerously attended and heard with reverence. If they stir up but a few minds to thought, Mr. EMERSON will leave behind him the *nuclei* from which it will radiate in ever increasing circles, by the force of example no less than by the influence of teaching. We care not that EMERSON is termed abstract and dreamy—that he is often crude, obscure, and visionary. We fix our eyes upon his excellences, not upon his faults. He is a man with a great soul, nevertheless. A mightier man than a thousand of the pygmies who shoot their small arrows at him. If he be obscure, it is because he soars so high that he loses sight of his landmarks; but how can there be discovery without daring—how explore without sometimes erring? With EMERSON, and such as he who lose themselves in *height*, there is, however, this great advantage, that their followers profit by their fault. The mind seeks to trace their path and soars too, and the effort to rise is a gain even though the attempt fail. It is something in this frivolous age to arrest the attention of the intellectual idler, to make him pause and listen; if it be but for the purpose of fault-finding and abuse, still to make him *think*. The very controversies occasioned by such a philosophy are beneficial, and therefore we forgive even the most eccentric dreams of Mr. EMERSON for the sake of the agitation they make in the stagnant waters of our intellectual kingdom.

The volume before us is a collection of his Essays and Orations, which, at this time, when

the author is among us, will doubtless be received with eager welcome by all who have heard, or intend to hear, his eloquent teachings from his own lips. The interest thus temporarily excited in him we shall make use of for the purpose of forwarding the object we have most at heart,—the revival in Great Britain of a taste for the cultivation of the loftier occupations of the intellect; and therefore we purpose to dwell upon these papers at some length, the more especially as MR. EMERSON is rather a discursive writer. He professes no measured system of Philosophy. He has an aim, of course;—principles, we may be sure;—definite aims, that is certain;—but his essays are rather written thoughts than formal compositions—thoughts about man, his destinies and duties, than arrays of arguments logically set forth, and advancing from axioms to conclusions.

Still there is a principle pervading all. He has a distinct, definite IDEA, which is the soul of every sentence. It is stated in the preface after this manner. Under all circumstances we should possess a grand self-reliance, coupled with a reverend attention and obedience to the voice of our moral nature—heedless of mere custom and courtesy, wealth or ease, we should strive to attain a noble simplicity and truthfulness of life and language,—while books and teachers, facts and systems, may aid us much, they must ever be servants to aid us if they can, but in no case masters to mould our free and natural thoughts into their forms—and, above all, that we should keep our minds in a constant state of receptivity for that divine thought or idea which, underlying the sensuous appearances and mechanical uses of things, has for us manifold teachings that are the truest and highest ends of this "real work-day world." Only in proportion to a man's reception of the voice of Deity, thus speaking, is he great, is he true, in impulse and action—does he stand in unison with the order of the universe.

The style of EMERSON is inspired by study of the German philosophers; but it is not a servile imitation—his individuality is visible everywhere; as he thinks for himself, so he speaks after his own fashion. Sometimes he is obscure, when his ideas are not clear; but when he has a distinct perception in his mind, no man can express it more distinctly or transfer it more vividly to the minds of others. His language is always *tinged with poetry*, and occasionally it becomes poetry all over. He has been an extensive reader, and he gleans largely from the utterances of the loftiest intellects of all ages and countries. Careless and thoughtless must he be who could read a page of these essays and orations without being startled into reflection, and made to think. In this age of intellectual laziness such a book is of incalculable worth.

But we are dwelling too long upon merely introductory matter. It is time to introduce the reader to the contents, and without further tracing a philosophy which it would demand the space of a quarterly review to do justice to, we will at once proceed to cull some of the more striking passages, accompanying them with such comments as may be suggested by them.

In the Essay on "History," he maintains the doctrine that all history is but, as it were, the development of the individual man. We see in it but an expansion of ourselves, and in ourselves may all history be read. Thus he finds

MEANINGS IN THE GREEK MYTHOLOGY.
The Prometheus Vinctus is the romance of Scorpionism. Not less true to all time are all the details

of that stately apology. Apollo kept the flocks of Admetus, said the poets. Every man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool. It seems as if heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum, and here they will break out into their native music, and utter at intervals the words they have heard in heaven; then the mad fit returns, and they mope and wallow like dogs. *Antæus* was suffocated by the gripe of Hercules, but every time he touched his mother earth his strength was renewed. Man is the broken giant, and in all his weakness, both his body and his mind are invigorated by habits of conversation with nature. The power of music, the power of poetry to unfix, and, as it were, flap wings to all solid nature, interprets the riddle of *Orpheus*, which was to his childhood an idle tale. The philosophical perception of identity through endless mutations of form, makes him know the *Proteus*. What else am I who laughed or wept yesterday, who slept last night like a corpse, and this morning stood and ran? And what see I on any side but the transmigrations of *Proteus*? I can symbolise my thought by using the name of any creature, of any fact, because every creature is man, agent or patient. *Tantalus* is but a name for you and me. *Tantalus* means the impossibility of drinking the waters of thought which are always gleaming and waving within sight of the soul. The transmigration of souls: that, too, is no fable. I would it were; but men and women are only half human. Every animal of the barn yard, the field and the forest, of the earth and of the waters that are under the earth, has contrived to get a footing and to leave the print of its features and form in some one or other of these upright, heaven-facing speakers. Ah, brother, hold fast to the man and awe the beast; stop the ebb of thy soul—ebbing downward into the forms into whose habits thou hast now for many years slid. As near and proper to us is also that old fable of the *Sphinx*, who was said to sit in the road-side and put riddles to every passenger. If the man could not answer, she swallowed him alive. If he could solve the riddle, the *Sphinx* was slain. What is our life but an endless flight of winged facts or events? In splendid variety these changes come, all putting questions to the human spirit. Those men who cannot answer, by a superior wisdom, these facts or questions of time, serve them. Facts encumber them, tyrannise over them, and make the men of routine the men of *sense*, in whom a literal obedience to facts has extinguished every spark of light by which man is truly man. But if the man is true to his better instincts or sentiments, and refuses the dominion of facts, as one that comes of a higher race remains fast by the soul and sees the principle, then the facts fall aptly and supple into their places; they know their master, and the meanest of them glorifies him.

In the *Essay on "Self-Reliance,"* one of the finest in the volume, he breaks forth into the following eloquent and indignant denunciation of the vice of our times—the want of self-will, self-respect, and moral courage:—

MODERN SOCIETY.

If any man consider the present aspects of what is called by distinction *society*, he will see the need of these ethics. The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous responding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and perfect persons. We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state, but we see that most natures are insolvent—cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually. Our housekeeping is mendicant; our arts, our occupations, our marriages, our religion we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlour soldiers. The rugged battle of fate, where strength is born, we shun. If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises, they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is ruined. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges, and is not in-

stalled in an office within one year afterwards in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions,—who *teams it, farms it, peddles*, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet,—is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not "studying a profession," for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances. Let a stoic arise who shall reveal the sources of man, and tell men they are not leaning willows, but can and must detach themselves; that with the exercise of self-trust new powers shall appear; that a man is the word made flesh, born to shed healing to the nations; that he should be ashamed of our compassion; and that the moment he acts for himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolatries, and customs out of the window, we pity him no more, but thank and revere him; and that teacher shall restore the life of man to splendour, and make his name dear to all history. It is easy to see that a greater self-reliance—a new respect for the divinity in man—must work a revolution in all the offices and relations of men: in their religion, in their education, in their pursuits, their modes of living, their association, in their property, in their speculative views.

The essay on "Compensation" is designed to shew the dispensation of strict justice by Providence, and that virtue is rewarded and vice punished in this world as certainly as they will be in the next. "In labour, as in life," he says, "there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself; the swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labour is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs." Thus was he induced to the consideration of the subject:—

I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged from reason and from Scripture a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offence appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe, when the meeting broke up, they separated without remark on the sermon. Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratification another day,—bank-stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for, what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was—

"We are to have such a good time as the sinners have now;"—or, to push it to its extreme import—"You sin now; we shall sin by-and-by; we would sin now, if we could; not being successful, we expect our revenge to-morrow." The fallacy lays in the immense concession that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now. The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth; announcing the Presence of the Soul—the Omnipotence of the Will.

All nature proclaims the great fact of

COMPENSATION.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every

opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or rather, it is a harpoon thrown at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat; and if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain, or to sink the boat. You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons; of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar proverb, "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy. All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by Fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or a current of air meets another, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity, and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbour feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me. All the old abuses in society, the great and universal, and the petty and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity, and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he always teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded, and mowed, and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised. Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of Polycrates, the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads every generous soul to impose on itself tasks of a noble asceticism and vicarious virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is always best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favours and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbour's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the dead the instant acknowledgement of benefit on the one part, and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbour; and every new transaction alters, according to its nature, their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbour's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

And again—

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. There is no such thing as concealment. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge, and fox, and squirrel, and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the footprint, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clue. Always some damning cir-

circumstance transpires. The laws and substances of nature, water, snow, wind, gravitation, become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand—

The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet; but when the hunter came his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth until first he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men until he has suffered from the one and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfit him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone, and acquire habits of self-help; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

We conclude with the picture of

THE COMPENSATIONS OF CALAMITY.

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seem at the moment unpaid loss, and unpainable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing by privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots, and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighbourhoods of men.

Of course we shall return to this volume, and perhaps more than once.

HISTORY.

Lives of the Queens of England. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. XI. London: Colburn.

THE present volume of this amusing but somewhat discursive work is devoted to the lives of MARY the wife of WILLIAM III. and Queen ANNE. As in the previous biographies in this collection, Miss STRICKLAND has made researches into more minute and personal particulars of the Queens, their Courts, and their Courtiers, than would be permissible in the formal History of Kings,—which are properly histories of nations. Hence, although abounding in gossip, anecdote, and such like amusing gatherings from memoirs and correspondence, it is not without a more permanent value, for often are the destinies of people dependent upon the intrigues of waiting-women, and a problem in history may be solved by reference to some private chronicle of court scandal.

Miss STRICKLAND has paid particular attention to the elucidation of the character of Queen MARY the Second, of whom the reader of any existing history of England will learn absolutely nothing. It appears to be drawn with a careful impartiality, steering between the indiscriminate abuse poured forth against her by the Jacobites, and the extravagant praises of her own party.

This is a sketch of

QUEEN MARY'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

The queen took up her residence at Hampton Court permanently, for the summer, in the commencement of July. The manner of life led there by her and her spouse is dimly remembered by tradition. When the king used to walk with her across the halls and courts of that antique palace, he never gave the queen his arm, but hung on hers, and the difference of their size and stature almost provoked risibility. The king every day seemed to grow smaller and leaner beneath the pressure of the cares which his three crowns had brought him; while Mary, luxuriating in her native air, and the pleasures of her English palaces, seemed to increase in bulk every hour. She took a great deal of exercise, but did not try abstinence as a means of reducing her tendency to obesity. She used to promenade, at a great pace, up and down the long straight walk, under the wall of Hampton Court, nearly opposite to the Toy. As her majesty was attended by her Dutch maids of honour, or English ladies naturalised in Holland, the common people who gazed on their foreign garb and mien named this promenade "Frow" walk: it is now deeply shadowed with enormous elms and chestnuts, the frogs from the neighbouring Thames, to which it slants, occasionally choosing to recreate themselves there; and the name of Frow-walk is now lost in that of Frog-walk. The pleasures of the Dutch monarch were not of a sociable kind; he neither loved the English nor English manners, but preferred Dutch smoking parties, with closed doors, guarded from all approach by foreign soldiers, with pipes in their mouths, and partisans grasped in their hands. The daily routine of the life of William and Mary is only preserved in squibs and lampoons; among these manuscripts, detestable as they are in construction and metre, some lost traits are found.

HAMPTON-COURT LIFE IN 1689.

Man and wife are all one, in flesh and in bone,
From hence you may guess what they mean:
The queen drinks chocolat, to make the king fat;
The king hunts, to make the queen lean.

Mr. Dean says the grace, with a reverend face,
"Make room!" cries Sir Thomas Dupper;
Then Bentinck up-locks his king in a box;
And you see him no more until supper.

This supper took place at half-past-nine; by half-past ten, royalty and the royal household were snoring. If Queen Mary had to write a letter or despatch at eleven at night, she could not keep her eyes open. The regal dinner-hour was half-past one, or two at the latest, and breakfast was at an hour virtuously early. Queen Mary, like every one descended from Lord Chancellor Clarendon, with the exception, perhaps, of her uncle, Henry, Earl of Clarendon, indulged in eating rather more than did her good; her enemies accused her of liking strong potations. The elegance of her figure was injured by a tendency to rapid increase, on which the satires and lampoons of her political opponents did not fail to dwell; she was scarcely twenty-eight years of age when she became Queen of England, but her nymph-like beauty of face and form was amplified into the comeliness of a tall, stout woman. Among the valuable collections of Colonel Braddell, at Conishead Priory, Lancashire, was preserved a very fine miniature of William III. delicately executed in pen and ink etching. It is a small oval, laid on a back-ground of white satin, surrounded with a wreath of laurel embroidered in outline tracery in his royal consort's hair, surmounted with the crown-royal. The frame is of wood, curiously carved and gilded, and at the foot is a circular medallion, radiated and enclosed in the ribbon of the garter, containing also, under a fair crystal, Queen Mary's hair, which is of a pale brown colour, and of an extremely fine and silky texture. At the back of the picture, Queen Mary has inscribed, on a slip of vellum, with her own hand—"My haire, cut off March ye 5th, 1688." Under the royal autograph is written, "Queen Mary's hair and writing."

Here is

A TRAIT OF WILLIAM THE THIRD.

Assuredly hospitality was not among the royal

virtues on the throne. When the king dined at St. James's Palace, no one was permitted to eat with him but the Marshal Schomberg, the general of the foreign troops, and some Dutch officers. Schomberg was always placed at the right hand of King William. If any English nobleman came in, according to their national custom, during the royal dinner, they stood behind William's chair, and never a word did the monarch speak to them, nor were they ever invited to sit down to eat, a courtesy common in such cases. So there did the haughty English stand humbled and neglected witnesses of the meal of the Dutchmen, who evidently deemed themselves their conquerors. The Earl of Marlborough had, as an aide-de-camp, a young noble cadet, named Dillon, who had formed a great intimacy with Arnold Von Keppel, the handsome page and favourite of the Dutch king. These boys were generally present at the royal dinners. Dillon observed to Keppel that he had been present at several of them before he uttered a word to anybody, and asked, "Does your master ever speak?" "Oh, yes," replied the young favourite, "he talks fast enough over his bottle at night, when he has none about him but his Dutch friends." His bottle was not one that could be produced before the proud English magnates, who were too apt to commit excess with champagne or Burgundy, but they scorned Hollands gin.

Much light is thrown upon the Court life of those times by the elaborate account given by Miss STRICKLAND of the education, sickness, and death of the Duke of GLOUCESTER, the Princess ANNE's only son. We take some passages from this really interesting and curious narrative. He early obtained the love of his aunt, the Queen, but he was diseased from his birth.

The poor little prince was evidently afflicted with hydrocephalus, or water on the brain, a complaint that often carries to the grave whole families of promising infants. Such was, no doubt, the disease that desolated the nursery of the Princess Anne; very little was known regarding it by the faculty at that period. The symptoms are clearly traced by the duke's attendant, Lewis Jenkins, who says, "The Duke of Gloucester's head was very long and large, insomuch that his hat was big enough for most men, which made it difficult to fit his head with a periwig." A periwig for an infant born in July 1689!—it was then only Easter 1694! The unfortunate child with this enormous head is, nevertheless, described in glowing terms by his flattering attendant. After lamenting the difficulties of fitting the poor babe with a periwig, because the doctors keep a blister on the nape of his neck, he continues, "The face of the young Duke of Gloucester was oval, and usually glowed with a fresh colour, his body easy, his arms finely hung, his chest full, his legs proportionable to his body, made him appear very charming; turning out his toes as if he had really been taught to do so. I measured him, and found his height was three feet four inches. Although he was active and lively, yet he could not go up and down stairs without help, nor raise himself when down." How any child could be active and lively, in such a pitiable state, passes the comprehension of every one but Lewis Jenkins. "People concluded it was occasioned by the over-care of the ladies. The Prince of Denmark, who was a very good-natured, pleasant man, would often rally them about it; and Dr. Radcliffe, in his accustomed manner, spoke very bluntly to Mrs. Lewen, his sub-governess, about it."

Regal education was not more enlightened than any other. Suffering from water on the brain, the poor child was of course unable to walk without a sensation of giddiness; but they laughed at his complaints, and when ridicule failed severer means were tried.

When ever and anon the suffering child craved the assistance of two persons to lead him on each side, especially when he went up and down stairs, his demand of support was treated as mere idle whim. Doubtless, the movement of the water, at

such times, gave him vertigo; but the Prince of Denmark was either advised to treat the child's caution of retaining assistance near him under his agonizing infirmity as an effeminate caprice, or he had worked his temper up to violence. The princess shut herself up with her little son for more than an hour, trying to reason with him that it was improper to be led up and down stairs at the age of more than five years: she led him into the middle of the room, and told him "to walk, as she was sure he could do so." He obstinately refused to stir without being led by, at least, one person. The princess then took a birch rod, and gave it to Prince George, who repeatedly slashed his son with it, in vain; at last, by dint of severe strokes, the torture made him run alone. The little invalid, who had never before felt the disgrace and pain of corporal punishment, ever after walked up and down stairs without requiring aid. The whole circumstance was revolting; for the difficulty is in general to keep a child of such age from perpetually frisking, in the exuberance of his animal spirits. Great, indeed, must have been the agony and confusion of the young prince's head, before this natural vivacity could be extinguished; nor could the struggle, induced by cruelty, have been likely to strengthen him, but, on the contrary, it would have greatly inflamed and aggravated a malady like hydrocephalus.

The history proceeds to tell of that important era in the life of a boy—the being breeched.

Does the reader wish to know the costume of the heir of Great Britain, on Easter-day, 1694? His suit was white camlet, with loops and buttons of silver thread. He wore stiff stays under his waist-coat, which hurt him—no wonder! Whereupon, Mr. Hughes, the little duke's tailor, was sent for, and the Duke of Gloucester ordered a band of urchins from the boys' regiment, which he termed his horse-guards, to punish the tailor for making the stiff stays that hurt him. The punishment was, to be put on the wooden horse, which stood in the presence-chamber at Campden House, this horse being placed there for the torment of military offenders. Now, tailor Hughes had never been at Campden House, and knew none of its customs; and when he found himself surrounded by a mob of small urchins in mimic soldiers' gear, all trying, as far as they could reach, to pull and push him towards the instrument of punishment, the poor Welshman was not a little scared, deeming them freakish fairies, very malignly disposed towards him. At last, Lewis Jenkins, the usher, came to the rescue of his countryman. An explanation was then entered into, and the Welsh tailor was set at liberty, after he had promised to amend all that was amiss in the stiff stays of his little highness.

What a sad picture of a court is this!—

The princess Anne, as in old times, wore a leek on St. David's-day, and the little Gloucester, to whom a leek had been given to put in his hat, was curious regarding the why and the wherefore. He was not content with his artificial court-leek of silk and silver, but insisted on seeing the plant. Jenkins, his Welsh usher, was charmed at having an opportunity of introducing the famous edible of the principality to the notice of the future prince of Wales. The child played with the bundle of leeks, by tying them round a toy-ship he had, which was large enough for his boys to climb the masts. He then being thoroughly tired, laid down and fell asleep. He awoke very ill, and the greatest alarm prevailed at Campden House among the ladies, that the future prince of Wales had been poisoned by the smell of leeks on St. David's-day. Doubtless the Jacobites, of whom there were more than one in the household, deemed it a judgment. Dr. Radcliffe was sent for, from Oxford, at fiery speed. The princess Anne was terrified: she was not then able to walk, but was carried up into the chamber of her sick son in her sedan-chair, with short poles. Dr. Radcliffe, when he came, declared the young duke had a fever, but he recovered in nine days. The fever was, however, soon succeeded by a relapse, which again confined the child to his bed. The ladies sought to amuse the little invalid by pre-

sents of toys, while the male attendants, who, with his small soldiers, were permitted to surround his bed,—probably by the desire of the prince of Denmark, his father,—were of the hardening faction, and devised sports of a different nature. The boy-soldiers were posted as sentinels at his door; tattoos were flourished on the drum, and toy fortifications built by his bed-side. So far, so well; but the zeal of the ladies of the princess, in seeking for him quieter amusements, produced a scene in opposition not remarkably edifying. Mrs. Buss, the nurse of the princess his mother, who had previously purchased all his toys (filling at that time the office of privy purse in the household of Campden House), thought proper to send him by Wetherby, one of his chairmen, an automaton, representing Prince Louis of Baden fighting the Turks. As the young duke had given up toys since the preceding summer, his masculine attendants started at the idea that the present was a great affront, and it was forthwith sentenced to be torn to pieces—an execution which was instantly performed by the sick duke's small soldiers. The next notion adopted was, that the messenger ought to receive condign punishment for the crime of bringing a doll to the hope of England. Wetherby, the chairman, however, taking warning by the ungracious reception of the present, had not waited for this determination, but decamped, and, rushing down Campden Hill, had taken refuge in some hospitable nook in the depths of Kensington town. In the course of the afternoon, he was discovered and captured, and being detained all night in prison, the Duke of Gloucester ordered him to be brought into his presence next morning for sentence, which he pronounced—Wetherby was bound hand and foot, mounted on the wooden horse, and soused all over with water from enormous syringes and squirts. As four grown men, besides the small soldiers, were engaged in this execution, resistance was vain, and the victim received no mercy, because he had been the foremost in playing off similar practical jokes on others, for the amiable pastime of the heir to the British throne. When Wetherby was half drowned with his shower-baths, his executioners drew him on the horse into the bed-room of the Duke of Gloucester, who exceedingly enjoyed the sight of the man's woeful condition.

We conclude with the melancholy story of his death:—

The Princess Anne kept the eleventh birthday of her son, the Duke of Gloucester, with great rejoicings, little anticipating the result. The boy reviewed his little regiment, exulted in the discharge of cannon and crackers, and presided over a grand banquet. He was very much heated and fatigued, and probably had been induced to intrench on his natural abstemiousness. The next day he complained of sickness, head-ache, and a sore throat; towards night he became delirious. The family physician of the princess sought to relieve him by bleeding, but this operation did not do him any good. There was a general outcry and lamentation in the young duke's household that he would be lost, because Dr. Radcliffe was not in attendance on him, owing to the affront the Princess Anne had taken. Dr. Radcliffe was, however, sent for by express, and though unwilling, he was prevailed on to come. When he arrived at Windsor Castle, and saw his poor little patient, he declared the malady to be the scarlet fever; he demanded who had bled him? The physician in attendance owned the duke had been bled by his order. "Then," said Radcliffe, "you have destroyed him, and you may finish him, for I will not prescribe." The event justified the prediction of the most skilful physician of the age, but he was as much abused by the people, who clung to the last scion of their native princes, as if he had wilfully refused to save the child. The unfortunate princess attended on her dying child tenderly, but with a resigned and grave composure, which astonished every one. She gave way to no violent bursts of agony, never wept, but seemed occupied with high and awful thoughts. In truth she was debating, with an awakened conscience, on the past, and meditating on the retributive justice of God. Lord Marlborough was sum-

moned from Althorpe to the sick-bed of his young charge; but arrived only in time to see him expire. The death of the young duke took place, July 30, 1700, five days after his birth-day.

Six Old English Chronicles, of which Two are now first translated from the Monkish Latin Originals. With Notes, &c. By J. A. GILES, D.C.L. London, 1848. Bohn.

THIS new addition to Mr. BOHN'S Antiquarian Library contains six chronicles, all relating to the history of this country before the Norman Conquest. The first is *Ethelward's Chronicle*, written for the use of MATILDA, daughter of ORNO the Great, Emperor of Germany. The second is *Asser's Life of Alfred*, largely cited by the historians of England, and whence most of the anecdotes of that monarch are derived, although it must be confessed that its authenticity is somewhat dubious. The third is the *Chronicle of Gildas*, of whom nothing certain is known; but the book bearing his name was written during the sixth century. The fourth is the *History of the Britons*, by NENNIIUS, supposed to have been written between the years 796 and 994, in which antiquaries are not agreed. The fifth is the more famous *Historia Britonum*, of GEOFFREY of Monmouth, who lived in the early part of the twelfth century, and which is not only a valuable record of facts, but also a curious collection of the legendary history of ancient Britain. The sixth is the *History of Richard of Cirencester*, written in the fourteenth century. Dr. GILES has translated two of these relics for the first time, and the others have been carefully revised for this edition. Of all of them we may be assured that through republication in the cheap and portable form in which they appear here, they are most acceptable contributions to the library. Hitherto no one of them could have been procured but at the cost of more pounds than all the six in this edition will cost shillings.

BIOGRAPHY

The Life and Correspondence of Admiral Sir William Sidney Smith, G.C.B. By JOHN BARROW, Esq. In 2 vols. London, 1847. Bentley.

The materials for this biography are compounded of a mass of original autograph manuscripts and papers purchased by Mr. BENTLEY, and contributions by Captain ARABIN, Sir SIDNEY'S son-in-law.

Not long since, an elaborate memoir of Sir W. S. SMITH was published by Mr. HOWARD, author of *Rattlin the Reefer*, in two large octavos. Although the matter of the present work is new, it does not appear to us to be of sufficient interest and importance to justify a second biography. This, however, is rather for the consideration of the publisher than of the reviewer; our duty is to deal with the book as we find it.

Sir WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH was born on June 21, 1764. His father was Captain JOHN SMITH of the guards; his mother the daughter of a London merchant, called WILKINSON. He was educated partly at Tonbridge, partly at Bath. He went to sea at the early age of eleven, and saw service in the American war. He was appointed to the *Tortoise* in June 1777, thence he passed successively to the *Unicorn*, the *Arrogant*, and the *Sandwich*, in the last of which he was present at the victory over the Spaniards in 1780. "Sir GEORGE RODNEY," to use his own expression in a letter to his father announcing the event, "packed me off on board the *Alcide*, going out on a profitable cruise." The excuse for not giving him a command was, that he was too young; "but," satirically adds the Lieutenant, "perhaps he may recollect, in answer to my being too young, when he thinks of it, that I am as old as, and have been to sea much longer than, his son, who is a post-captain; he is very whimsical, and such a *whim* may take him if he was reminded by somebody else besides me."

In the *Alcide* he proceeded to the West Indies, where he remained until January 1784; then, departing in the *Alcmene*, he returned to Woolwich. The leisure that succeeded he spent in rambling

about the Continent, visiting places remarkable in naval warfare. Thus he says:—"I went to La Hogue, there to read Admiral RUSSELL's letter, which I brought with me in a volume of *Campbell's Admirals*, from Caen, in the hope of being able to do this very thing. I found nobody alive who remembered anything about *le brûlement*, as they called it, though I was told of one old woman who was old enough to have been alive then. Everybody's father was there, and served in such a battery, but I could get no certain account from them where King JAMES was encamped, and CAMPBELL does not lead to that at all. They pointed out where the wrecks are still visible at very low spring tides, and the fishing for iron is even now a profitable employment; they are between the islands of Tatihou and La Hogue Point, before the village of St. Vaas. I had read somewhere that the place from whence King JAMES beheld the action was a kind of natural amphitheatre formed by the hills. I found a spot which answered this description, and flattered myself it was the very place; it is out of iron-shot, to the southward of the wrecks, but commands a fine view of all that could have passed."

Gibraltar was another professional study, and afterwards he went to Sweden, and rendered some services to the king, who conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. His next enterprise was a mission to Constantinople, in the employ of the Foreign Office, and falling in with Lord Hood's squadron as he was returning, he volunteered his services to burn the harbour at Toulon, in which brave task he was successful.

We next find him in the *Diamond* frigate scouring the Channel. In this he was taken prisoner, conveyed to Paris, made his escape, was appointed to the *Tigre*, proceeded to the Mediterranean, and there performed the feat for which he is most famous, the defence of St. Jean d'Acre, for which Parliament voted him thanks and 1,000*l.* per annum.

This was the last of his services as a commander. He was, however, present at the battle of Waterloo, of which a curious memorandum is preserved. It is part of a letter, not addressed, found among his manuscripts. It runs thus:—"It is my duty now to take care that my sword, with the inscription on it, which you well know, and which is, under all circumstances, so invaluable to me, is not melted down for its nominal value; and yet that must be its fate if it is in my possession when I am asked upon honour to surrender all my property to pay my debts, as I shall be; therefore, rather than part with it to profane hands, I place it in deposit in yours, begging the city of London to save my credit so far, by sending the nominal, or, at least, the intrinsic value to Messrs. Coutts, to my credit account, that I may not be accused of cheating my creditors at Brussels of it, they having lent me the means of moving onwards towards the enemy, when they were within a few miles of the gates, and of sending my family into the rear, if my inspection of the state of things, beyond the Forest of Soigny, should decide me to indicate that direction to them. Meeting Sir G. Berkley returning from the field, wounded, and thinking his sword a better one to meet my old antagonist on horseback, I borrowed it; things went ill and looked worse at that time in the afternoon of the 18th of June, 1815. I stemmed the torrent of the disabled and givers-in the best way I could; was now and then jammed among broken waggon by a drove of disarmed Napoleonist janissaries; and finally reached the Duke of Wellington's person, and rode in with him from St. Jean to Waterloo; thus, though I was not allowed to have any of the fun, not be one too many (*vulgo* a fifth wheel in a coach), I had the heartfelt gratification of being the first Englishman that was not in the battle who shook hands with him before he got off his horse, and drinking his health at his table,—a supper I shall no more forget than I can the dinner at Meully, when Fouché came out to arrange the quiet entry into Paris, without more bloodshed; or the banquet the Duke considerately and kindly gave to the Knights of the Bath, when I received at his hands the second rank of the order of the Bath; the fees of which, by the bye, I hope my country will please to pay, for I have not where-

withal; therefore my banner, complicated as it is, with the arms of Sicily and Portugal on it, granted by the sovereign in record of 'gratitude' (their own word), will never be in Westminster Abbey till my hatchment (achievement) may be placed there by the ultimate favour of my country. I cannot help feeling, that if I am not to be rewarded as others, and as I have been taught to expect, it would be but fair to place me as I should be if I never had been, or done any thing in the service. Had I chosen to sit down early in life with a life annuity, of my present nominal income, I am told (but I don't understand these things) that by selling my estate before it was involved, I might have purchased that income for the trouble of walking into an insurance-office, without going to the east or the west, through storms and showers of hail, lead, or iron: you gentlemen in the city know best how that is; all I know is, that I have to sit down at the end of this long contest, without a home in my own country, or the means of living out of it. I have got to Paris, the object of my thoughts and hopes, and in the way I wished, with a victorious army; but I don't see how I am to get out of it creditably, without the friendly aid of my fellow-citizens of London, by a loan, if my country grants me that.

"Yours faithfully,

"W. SIDNEY SMITH."

After this he went to reside in Paris, where he died on the 26th of May, 1840, and was buried in the Père la Chaise. He made repeated applications for employment, but in vain. One of these, addressed to the Duke of WELLINGTON, is thus characteristically answered:—

"Cheltenham, August 29, 1828.

"Dear Sir,—I have the honour of receiving your letter of the 28th instant, and I assure you that nothing could give me greater satisfaction than to have it in my power to forward your views, or to improve your situation in life. I am convinced you will see that it is difficult, if not impossible, for me, entering into office in January 1825 (my predecessors under whose directions your services, and others such as yours, were performed, being either dead or disabled from conveying their sentiments upon those services), to find means for his Majesty to reward them all, as I am willing to admit they deserve to be rewarded. The question which naturally occurs is, why did not Mr. Pitt, Lord Melville, Mr. Percival, Lord Liverpool, or Mr. Canning, under whom these services were performed, and who had a knowledge of all the circumstances of the cases, respectively reward these services? The answer is, they have rewarded them, but inadequately, and thus the question occurs again,—why did they not provide adequately for that for which it was their duty to provide, if the claim really existed, as it appears it did? These are not questions sought for in order to defeat a claim—they naturally occur; and if I did not consider them, they must be brought to my recollection by those who must be consulted and must decide upon these subjects. Under these circumstances, and as I really have no means at my disposition of rewarding such services, I feel great objections to recur back to transactions, however honourable and meritorious, which occurred many years ago, and which ought, and indeed must have been considered by my predecessors in office. In respect to the employment of you in your profession, in the manner pointed out in your letter, it is a subject with which I have no more to do than I have with the employment of an officer in the navy of the king of France. I don't think either that, considering the nature and state of the diplomatic service in this country, I ought to do otherwise than decline to recommend to Lord Aberdeen that you should be employed in that branch of the service. I really feel most sensibly for your situation, and most particularly because I have no means of relieving you. I have the honour to be, &c. (Signed) WELLINGTON."

Two or three anecdotes will appropriately conclude this brief notice:—"When Sir RALPH ABERCROMBIE was wounded, Sir SIDNEY SMITH gave him his own horse, and received one that had belonged to a French dragoon. In galloping to the camp he was fired at by a party of British soldiers,

and narrowly escaped being killed or wounded. It appeared that a custom prevailed in the French army of numbering each horse, and branding them with figures at least three inches long on the flanks, so as to make them conspicuous at a considerable distance; and this circumstance, coupled with Sir SIDNEY'S undress naval uniform and the horse's accoutrements, led the party to take him for some unfortunate French officer trying to escape, and they fired at him a volley or two. When Sir SIDNEY was asked if he did not consider his situation at that moment most perilous, he replied, 'That he never felt less alarm, for he knew that every man's mark was nobody's mark; but,' he added, 'if they had not aimed at me, depend upon it I should have been shot.'

Here is an instance of his courage:—"No man probably was more cool and collected, when beset by imminent danger, than Sir SIDNEY SMITH, an instance of which occurred on his North Sea command, as related by one of his lieutenants. The *Antelope* was caught, among the numerous banks in this sea, by a sudden and boisterous blast of wind, when a tremendous surf was raging furiously over the shallows, and the ship became unmanageable. Every endeavour was made to wear the ship, but in vain; to stay her was out of the question, and nothing appeared to be left but to let her drift into the breakers. Sir SIDNEY having exhausted all his skill, thus addressed his officers: 'Gentlemen, we have apparently acted in concert, but to no effect; you see your danger, and although we have done all we could to avert it, if there be any among you who has a suggestion to make, I shall be most happy to hear him; but there is not a moment to lose.' All were silent; no one offered the least counsel. 'Then,' says he, 'there unfortunately is but one opinion. I must believe that you all agree with me that our situation is not a very enviable one, and so, my comrades,' ringing the bell for his servant, with the utmost apparent composure, he said to the man, 'Tell the cook to send up coffee.'

He was very agreeable in social life:—"Sir SIDNEY SMITH had an extraordinary memory, always ready. He could repeat passages of poetry, English, Latin, and French; when, where, or how he learned them, no one of his family pretended to know, but they were always ready and appropriate in company, when conversation turned that way. He was equally ready in enlivening a party of young ladies, by every variety of charades and conundrums, generally made on the spur of the moment, by cutting paper into curious figures, and by a display of clever tricks, for all which his demand in payment was a kiss from each. His company was much sought after. He was always lively and agreeable, and his conversation full of variety and interesting anecdotes."

Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. comprehending an Account of his Studies, &c. By JAMES BOSWELL. With Notes and Biographical Illustrations, by MALONE. London, 1848. Washbourne.

A HANDSOME edition of a book which grows more and more popular with age, proving the truth of the remark, that of all the books that ever were written, the most interesting would be one that should faithfully describe the acts, thoughts, and sayings of an individual, even if he were the most insignificant person of his age. It is the minute fidelity of JOHNSON'S reporter that gives the indescribable charm to this Biography. It brings the very man before us: it shews him in his humanity, as a compound of faults and virtues, of wisdom and folly. It is the reality and not the idea of an author that we have here. Hence it is, and as long as our language lasts will continue to be, a popular book, and a cheap and elegant edition of it, such as this, must have an extensive sale.

SCIENCE.

A Popular Essay on Anesthetic Agents, &c. in Surgery, &c. By WM. HENRY MORTIMER. London: Highley.
CHLOROFORM has already superseded ether for the

their supper was poor, they immediately fell to work on each other's tails.

At Guajiquilla he fell in with the remnant of a party of Americans, almost fainted by hunger and thirst, and who had left their fellows behind them. Though in this extremity, there occurred an incident with one of them which seems rather to belong to the stage or the jest-book than to real life. Our traveller had proposed to send out scouts in search of the missing ones of their party. Then occurred this extraordinary scene with

A STARVELING YANKEE.

One of these men, a lean and lank Kentuckian, who, rawboned at any time, was now a perfect skeleton, came up to me, and in a whisper, for his voice was lost for a time, requested to consult me on an important matter. The appearance of the poor fellow was comical in the extreme. His long black hair was combed over his face and forehead, and hung down his back and over his shoulders; and his features, with cheek-bones almost protruding from the skin, wore an indescribably serio-comic expression. He was, in fact, what his appearance indicated, a "Puritan," and his words drawled out of his throat like fathoms of cable, or the sermon of a Methodist preacher. "Stranger," he said to me, "you have been about the world, I guess, and ar a likely to know. What," he asked, putting his face close to mine, "might be the worth in your country of a camlet cloak? I never see sich a cloak as that ar one in no parts," he continued, looking up into the sky as if the spectre of the camlet cloak was there. "I've worn that ar cloak more nor ten year, lined right away through with the best kind of bleachin. Stranger," he continued, "it's a bad fix them poor boys is in, away out thar in them darned dried-up hills, and it jest doubles me up to think on it. Now, I want to know what's the worth of such a fixen as that ar camlet cloak?" I answered that I could not possibly tell, knowing nothing about such matters. "Well, stranger, all ar got to say is this,—thar aint sech another cloak as that between this and Louisville, anyhow you can fix it, and I want to know if the governer here will send out to them hills to bring in that ar camlet cloak. It lays jest whar we left them poor boys." I told him that, although I did not think the "governor" would exactly send out a detachment in search of his cloak, yet I had no doubt but that some steps would be taken to rescue the unfortunate men who were left in the sierras, and that if I went myself I would endeavour to recover it for him. This calmed him considerably, and, taking me by the arm, he said solemnly, "Stranger, I'll thank you for that;" and, turning away, I heard him soliloquising,—"Sech a cloak as that ar aint nowhere between this and Louisville."

The owner of the lost garment volunteered to accompany me in search of the missing men, for whose recovery he said he would give all he had, even the "camlet cloak;" and I found him the best man of the party. During the journey he rode by my side, the whole subject of his discourse being the merits of the wonderful garment. As we drew near the spot where he had left it, his excitement became intense. He speculated as to how it was lying—was it folded up?—had the rain injured it? &c.; and at last (he had been riding for some time with his head bent forward, and his eyes almost starting from his head) he darted suddenly on, jumped from his horse, and seized upon something lying on the ground. Holding up to my view an old tattered benjamin, with a catskin collar, and its original blue stained to a hundred different hues, he exultingly exclaimed, "Stranger, b'yar's the darned old cloak: hurraw for my old camlet cloak! but, darn it, whar's them poor bohys?"

We must not omit the author's compressed sketch of

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CHIHUAHUA.

Chihuahua is a paradise for sportsmen. In the sierras and mountains are found two species of

bears—the common black or American bear, and the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains. The last are the most numerous, and are abundant in the sierras in the neighbourhood of Chihuahua. The carnero cimarron—the big-horn or Rocky Mountain sheep—is also common on the Cordillera. Elk, black-tailed deer, cola-prieta (a large species of the fallow deer), the common red deer of America, and antelope, abound on all the plains and sierras. Of smaller game, peccaries (javalí), also called cojamate, hares, and rabbits are everywhere numerous; and beavers are still found in the Gila, the Pecos, the Del Norte, and their tributary streams. Of birds, the faisan, commonly called paisano, a species of pheasant; the quail, or rather a bird between a quail and a partridge, is abundant; while every variety of snipe and plover is found on the plains, not forgetting the gruya, of the crane kind, whose meat is excellent. There are also two varieties of wolf—the white, or mountain wolf; and the coyote, or small wolf of the plains, whose long-continued and melancholy howl is an invariable adjunct to a Mexican night encampment.

But, perhaps, in all departments of natural history the entomologist would find the plains of Chihuahua most prolific in specimens. I have counted seventy-five varieties of grasshoppers and locusts, some of enormous size and most brilliant and fantastic colours. There is also an insect peculiar to this part of Mexico—at least I have not met with it excepting on the plains of Durango and Chihuahua, neither have I met with more than one traveller who has observed it, although it is most curious and worthy of attention. This insect is from four to six inches in length, and has four long and slender legs. The body appears to the naked eye to be nothing more than a blade of grass, without the slightest muscular action or appearance of vitality, excepting in the antennae, which are two in number, and about half an inch in length. They move very slowly on their long legs, and resemble a blade of grass being carried by ants. I saw them several times before examining them minutely, thinking that they were in fact bits of grass. I heard of no other name for them than the local one of *zacatitos*, from *zacate* (grass); and the Mexicans assert that, if horses or mules swallow these insects, they invariably die.* Of bugs and beetles there is endless variety—including the cocuyo or lantern-bug, and the tarantula. Of reptiles those most frequently met with are the rattlesnake and copperhead, both of which are poisonous. The scorpion is common all over the republic, and its sting is sometimes fatal to children or persons of inflammable temperament. The chameleon abounds in the plains, a grotesque, but harmless and inoffensive animal. It always assimilates its colour to that of the soil where it is found. The chameleon is the "horned frog" of the prairies of America.

We cannot refrain from extracting a characteristic story told to our traveller with the gravity of implicit credence in its truth.

THE LEGEND OF THE BLACK VEIN OF SOMBRERETE ("LA VETA NEGRA DE SOMBRERETE").

Ojala por los dias de oro!—oh for the days of gold!—sighed the old gambucino: pero ya se acabó todo eso—but that is all over now; ni oro, ni plata hay—neither gold nor silver is to be had now-a-days for picking or digging. Pedazitos, no mas—little bits one grubs up here and there; pero se acabó la veta negra—but the black vein, the black vein; onde está?—where is it? Worked out long ago. I was no older than your worship in those days, and my back was strong. Valgame madre santísima! but I could pack the ore nimbly in the mine and up the shaft. Ay, and then all worked with a will, for it was all bonanza: day after day, month after month, year after year, there we were at the same old vein; and the more we cut into it the richer it grew. Ay que plata! Oh what silver came out of that old vein! blanco, rico, pesado—white, rich, and heavy it was—all silver, all silver. Five hun-

* Since writing the above, I find that this insect is noticed by Clavigero, who calls it, on the authority of Hernandez, quauhmeacal, a Mexican name; therefore it is probable that it is also found in Southern Mexico.

dred pesos fuertes I made in one week. Que hermosita era aquella veta negra! what a beautiful little vein was that black one! But your worship yawns, and my poor old head turns round when it thinks of that time. Pues, señor. All the miners (for there were no gambucinos then) were making dollars as fast as they could; but the more they got the more they wanted, although not one of the laziest but had more than he ever before had dreamed of possessing. However, they were not satisfied, and all complained because they did not strike a richer vein than the old veta negra—as if that was possible! The most dissatisfied of all the miners was a little deformed man called Pepito, who did nothing but swear at and curse his bad luck, although he had made enough money to last three of his lives; and the miserly style in which he lived was the bye-word of everybody. However, whether it was from a bitterness of spirit caused by his deformity, or from genuine badness of heart, Pepito was continually grumbling at the old vein, calling it by every opprobrious epithet which he could summon to the end of his tongue, and which was enough to break the heart of any vein, even of iron. One night—it was the fiesta of San Lorenzo—all the miners were away in the town, for they had agreed to give themselves a holiday; but Pepito took his basket and pick, and declared his intention of remaining to work; "for," said he, "what time have I for holiday, when, with all my work, work, work, I only get enough out of that stony old vein to keep me in friolitos, without a taste of pulque, since—quien sabe? how long ago? Maldita sea la veta, digo yo—curse such a vein, say I!" Valgame Dios!—this to the black vein, the black vein of Sombrerete! apostrophised the old gambucino. Now your worship knows, of course (but quien sabe? for foreigners are great fools), that every mine has its metal-king, its *mina-padrone*, to whom all the ore belongs. He is, your worship knows, not a man, nor a woman, but a spirit—and a very good one, if he is not crossed or annoyed; and when the miners curse or quarrel at their work, he often cuts off the vein, or changes it to heavy lead or iron; but when they work well and hard, and bring him a good stock of cigarros, or leave him in the gallery, when they quit the mine, a little bottle of pulque or mezcal, then he often sends bonanzas, and plenty of rich ore. Well, every one said, when they heard Pepito's determination to remain alone in the mine, and after he had so foully abused the celebrated veta negra, "Valgame! if Pepito doesn't get a visit from padre-mine to-night, it's because he has borrowed holy water or a rosario from Father José, the cura of Sombrerete." We were all going to work again at midnight, but the mezcal was so good that none stirred from the pulqueria long after that hour. I, however, shouldered my pick and trudged up the hill to the shaft, first wakening up the watchman, who lay snoring at the gate of the hacienda, wrapped in his sarape. I took him with me to the mouth of the shaft, that he might lower me down in the basket, and down I went. When I got to the bottom I called to Pepito, for, knowing he was working there, I had not brought a lantern, but heard nothing save the echo of my own voice, sounding hollow and loud, as it vibrated through the passages and galleries of the mine. Thinking he might be asleep, I groped my way to where we had been working the great lode in the morning, thinking to find him in that direction, and hallooing as I crept, but still no answer; and when I shouted "Pepito, Pepito, onde está?"—where are you?—the echo cried jeeringly, "Onde está?" At length I began to get frightened. Mines, every body knows, are full of devils, and gnomes, and bad spirits of every kind; and here was I, at midnight, alone, and touching the "black vein" which had been so abused. I did not like to call again to Pepito, for the echo frightened me, and I felt assured that the answer was made by some unearthly voice, and came direct from the lode of the veta negra, that we were working. I crept back to the bottom of the shaft, and, looking up to the top, where the sky shewed no bigger than a tortilla, with one bright star looking straight down, I shouted for the watchman to lower the

basket and draw me up; but, holy mother! my voice seemed to knock itself to pieces on the sides of the shaft as it struggled up, and when it reached the top must have been whisper. I sat down and fairly cried, when a loud shout of laughter rattled along the galleries, and broke as it were up the shaft; I trembled like quicksilver, and heavy drops of perspiration dropped from my forehead to the ground. There was another shout of laughter, and a voice cried out—"Come here, Mattias, come here." "Where, most wonderful señor?" I asked, thinking it as well to be respectful. "Here, here to the black vein, the old leaden, useless vein," cried the voice, mockingly; and I thought with horror of the abuse it had that day received. Half dead with fear, I crept along the gallery, and, turning an abrupt angle, came upon the lode we had been working. Ave Maria purissima! what a sight met my eyes! The gallery seemed a mass of fire, yet there was no blaze and no heat. The rock which contained the vein of ore, and the ore itself, were like solid fire; and yet it wasn't fire, for there was no heat, as I said, but a glare so bright that one could see away into the rock, which seemed to extend miles and miles; and every grain of quartz, and even the smallest particle of sand of which it was composed, was blazing with light, and shone separately like a million diamonds knocked in one; and yet the eye saw miles into the bowels of the earth, and every grain of sand was thus lit up. But if the stone, and the grit, and the sand were thus fiery bright, and the eye scorched to look upon it, what words can describe the glitter of the vein, now of sparkling silver, and white, as it were, with flame, but over which a black blush now and then shot, and instantaneously disappeared? It wanted not this, however, to tell me that I was looking at the endless *veta negra*, the scorned, abused black vein, which throbbed, miles and miles away into the earth, with virgin silver, enough to supply the world for worlds to come. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the voice; "the old leaden, useless vein. Where's the man that can eat all this silver's worth of *frijolitos*? Bring him here, bring him here." And forthwith a thousand little sparkling figures jumped out of the scintillating rock, and, springing to the ground, ringing like new-coined pesos, they seized upon the body of Pepito, which I had not till now observed, who lay, blue with fear, in a corner of the gallery, and, lifting him on their shoulders, brought him in front of the silver vein. The brightness of the metal scorched his eyes, which still could not, even in his fear, resist feasting on the richness of the glittering lode.

"Bonanza, una bonanza!" shouted the entrapped miner, forgetting his situation, and the presence he was in, for the figure (if figure it can be called, which was like a mist of silver fire) of the *padre-mina*—the mine-king—was now seen sitting in state on the top of the vein. "Bonanza!" shouted the same voice derisively; "bonanza, from an old leaden, useless vein!" repeating the terms which Pepito had used in abusing it. "Where's the man can eat this silver's worth of *frijolitos*?" "What does he deserve who has thus slighted the silver king?" "Turn him to lead, lead, lead!" answered the voice. "Away with him then." The thousand sparkling silverines seized the struggling miner. "Not lead, not lead," he shouted; "anything but lead!" But they held him fast by the legs, and bore him opposite the lode. "The rock sparkled up into a thousand times more brilliant coruscations than before, and for an instant I thought my eyes would have "burned" with looking at the silver vein, so heavenly bright it shone. An instant after a void remained in the rock—horrid black void. The vein had disappeared, but the rock itself was still as bright as ever, all but the black opening which yawned from out the brightness; and opposite this stood the thousand silverines, bearing the body of the luckless gambucino. "Uno, dos, tres," shouted the mine-king; and at the word "tres,"—with a hop, skip, and a jump—right into the gaping hollow sprang the thousand silverines, with the luckless miner on their shoulders, whose body, the instant that his heels disappeared into the opening, with these very eyes I saw turned to lead. Santa Maria! then all became dark, and I fell senseless to

the ground. When I recovered a little, I thought to myself, now will come my turn; but hoping to conciliate the angry mine-king, I sought, in the breast of my shirt, for a bottle of mezcal, which I remembered I had brought with me. There was the bottle, but without a single drop of liquor. This puzzled me; but when I called to mind the fiery spectacle I had just witnessed, I felt no doubt but that the liquor had been dried up in the bottle by the great heat. However, I was not molested, and in a short time the miners returned to their work, and, finding me pale and trembling, called me *tonto*, *boracho*—drunk and mad. We proceeded to the lode and grubbed away, but all we succeeded in picking out were a few lumps of poor lead-ore; and from that day not a dollar's worth of silver was ever drawn from the famous "black vein of Sombrerete."

The second part will doubtless provide an equal quantity of entertainment.

FICITION.

Memoirs of a Physician. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Vol. II.

The Count of Monte Christo. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Vol. I.

These are the latest additions to the *Parlour Novelist*, and present translations of two famous novels, at a price altogether without precedent in Europe, or even in America. The work is beautifully printed and elegantly bound. It is to us a mystery how it can be sold at such a price. It is really cheaper to buy than to borrow.

EDUCATION.

The Playmate: a Pleasant Companion for Spare Hours. London, 1847. Cundall.

An extremely attractive volume for young persons. It consists of a collection of tales and poems adapted for children, contributed by many persons whose names are well known in the nursery—some being original, others translated from the German. But the remarkable feature of this volume is its illustrations, which are not such as are usually found in children's books, but engravings after original drawings by artists of distinction,—HENRY WARREN, WEHNERT, DUNCAN, ABSOLON, FREDERICK TAYLER, ELMORE, PICKERSGILL, TOWNSEND, and others. The fact appears to be, that this charming gift-book for the season is edited by FELIX SUMMERLEY, who has introduced some of the best engravings from his series of illustrated educational words. This volume will therefore serve not only to please and improve the mind, but to educate the eye to correctness of drawing, and cultivate the taste of the rising generation. Hence it is peculiarly adapted for a prize-book, or *Christmas* and *New Year's* present.

Gulliver's Travels. A Cabinet Edition.

London, 1847. Burns.

NEXT to *Robinson Crusoe*, this is the most truthful fiction ever written. All children delight in it. But hitherto the difficulty with parents and teachers has been how they should exclude its indecencies, and many have been deprived of the pleasure of perusal because it was forbidden on that account to the family circle. Mr. BURNS, who has contributed so largely to the family library, has published a revised edition, adapted for home reading, and the prohibition being now removed, our young readers may revel in the wonderful adventures of Captain Gulliver.

The Juvenile Verse and Picture Book. With numerous Illustrations on Wood. London, 1848. Burns.

ANOTHER of Mr. BURNS's contributions to the *Juvenile Library*,—at once a work of art and a storehouse of pleasant and profitable reading. This handsome Christmas volume consists of a collection of poems adapted to the tastes and capacities of children, each one being illustrated by the pencil of some famous artist, and every page having a fanci-

ful engraved border. In all its features this is such a volume as a few years since would have been sold at a guinea, and placed among the show-books upon the drawing-room table, and only permitted to be inspected by the youthful group as a great treat. Now, it is avowedly addressed to children, prepared for them, illustrated for them, and they may be permitted to boast the ownership of a treasure which in *our* youthful days we never even dreamed of as possible, unless the days of the good Haroun Alraschid should come again, with their genii and wonderful lamps. The poetry here is selected with good taste, so that mind and eye are instructed together.

Stories from the Chroniclers: Froissart. By the Rev. HENRY P. DUNSTER, M.A. London, 1847. Masters.

The design of this little volume is admirable. *Froissart*, as our readers are aware, is the most picturesque of historians, and the most faithful of gossips. He has preserved to us the most curiously minute characteristics of the age in which he lived, and his *Chronicle* possesses all the interest of the most charming romances of SCOTT. Indeed, he has supplied the materials for many of our most popular novels, and will continue to do so, for his riches are inexhaustible. From his felicitous style, which brings persons and places distinctly before the mind's eye, *Froissart* is peculiarly adapted for juvenile readers. Mr. DUNSTER has gathered from his "Chronicles" some of the most interesting stories narrated there, which he has translated into the simplest English, and produced a volume which will be eagerly read by all who are tempted to open it, and which should be added to every school and domestic library. It is as amusing as any fiction, and as instructive as any history.

RELIGION.

Strictures on the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett's Principles of the Book of Common Prayer, &c. By a Protestant. London, 1848. Ollier.

A CONTROVERSIAL sermon; and although *THE CRITIC* is always pleased to introduce to the notice of its readers religious publications that treat of Christianity, for very obvious reasons we abstain from commenting upon such as are devoted to dogmatism or disputation. Therefore we merely acknowledge the receipt of this one.

The Churchman's Companion for 1847.

In 2 vols. Masters.

A PERIODICAL containing information, chiefly religious, but all having a religious or moral tendency, adapted for the reading of Churchmen. The original articles are good, and the selections are made with sound judgment. Here is an abundance of Sunday reading for the next twelvemonth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Beauties of German Literature; selected from various Authors, with Short Biographical Notices. London, 1847: Burns.

We trust that this most acceptable volume is but the first of a series. No literature is so rich as that of Germany in the materials for the class of books so popular among us, under the titles of "Beauties," "Selections," "Gleanings," "Readers," and such like. A cyclopaedia of German literature, similar to that of English literature, published by the Messrs. CHAMBERS, would, we should imagine, be a profitable speculation. Who could better undertake it than Mr. BURNS? In the volume upon our table, he has confined his specimens to HOFFMAN, RICHTER, PICHLER, ZSCHOKKE, and TIECK; and from each of them very long extracts have been taken. The work we propose should be chronological, and introducing each author with just such a brief memoir as is given here, and passages should be presented from his writings, to exhibit his train of thought, his style, and the best things he has produced, never exceeding ten pages for any single extract. *Mr. KNIGHT's Half Hours with the Best Authors* would be an excellent model. But,

touching the volume before us, which has suggested the idea, we can heartily recommend it to our readers, young and old, as containing a valuable and most interesting collection of the beauties of some of the most famous writers of Germany, and with whom it behoves every person in these days of travelling intercourse between the continent and England, to become acquainted. The means for attaining a knowledge of some of the characteristics of German literature can here be procured at a very trifling cost.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Enemies to Agriculture, Botanical and Zoological, &c. By JOHN DONALDSON. London, 1847. Baldwin.

A DESCRIPTION of the weeds, quadrupeds, birds, insects, and worms that prey upon the farmer. Mr. DONALDSON enumerates a very formidable list, and minutely describes their characters and habits, and how they may be best destroyed. To the rooting out of weeds we have no objection, but we must protest against the extirpation of hares and rabbits, rooks, partridges, and pheasants. Some account should be taken of the services they render in return for their maintenance.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Fresh Gleanings; or, a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe. By IK. MARVEL. Harper and Brothers.*

A FRESH work from an American pen always commends itself to our interest—at least, till we have dipped with some attention into its pages. Few will turn thus the fair pages of these handsomely printed volumes, without being delighted to keep the author's company till his apostrophe to "Mary," in the last paragraph: for, unless it be SAUNDERS's *American in Paris*, we can recall no work of European travel, either English or American, that surpasses these *Fresh Gleanings* in spirit and cleverness. We have already quoted a lively extract upon the Cafés of Paris; and the following description of some valetudinarian weeks spent in the island of Jersey, will give our readers some idea of the writer's grace and vivacity of style while picturing a region of which we hear so little:—

La Solitude—it was the name of the little cottage where I lived when at Jersey—La Solitude. Monsieur de Grouchy could not have chosen a better, if he had hunted through the whole vocabulary of names. You turned off down a little bye-way from the high road to St. Saviour's to reach it. The very first time I swung open the green gate that opens on the bye-way and brushed through the laurel bushes, and read the name modestly written over the door, and under the arbour that was flaunting in the dead of winter with rich green ivy leaves—my heart yearned towards it as towards a home. There were no round, chubby, bright-eyed faces looking out of the windows under the roof—not one, for my landlord and landlady were childless. It was, indeed, La Solitude. The noise from the road turned into a pleasant murmur before it reached the cottage, for it had to pass over the high wall of my neighbour's garden, and over his beds of cauliflowers, and his broad alleys trimmed with box.

Let us step up a moment into the little parlour upon the first floor; it would not be high enough to rank as *entresol* in the atmosphere of St. Denis;—it matters not one straw, for I do so dearly love to wander in fancy over those humble wayside nooks in Europe which I had learned to call, for ever so short a time, my home, that I shall be eternally interrupting my story to peep at them again and again. The curtains are of dark-coloured chintz, and there is a most capacious old-fashioned sofa, that is covered with the same; the ceiling is low, but you need not stoop—for my landlady is none of the shortest, and on fete days she wears stupendous head gear. The grate is English, and is glowing in good English fashion;—a cozy arm-chair stands by the corner, and a round heavy table in front; and if it be four by the clock over the mantle, the table is covered with a snow-white cloth, and it is smoking and smelling savory with dinner: on one corner a tall

bottle of Medoc is standing sentinel, and over opposite—as a sort of reserve guard—more for appearances than actual service—is a pot-bellied little decanter of sherry. Under the window, though you can scarce get your head out for the trailing vines, is the green bye-lane. Further down it, looking to the left, is another cottage; but you cannot see it—the trees are so thick. I never saw one of its inmates; but sometimes, just at dusk, I used to hear a pair of feet go patterning under my window—they must have been small feet—and used to hear the snatch of a soft song—it must have been a young girl's voice; and I often thought I would ask my landlady, who lived in the cottage, but I came away and forgot it. There stood another cottage at the mouth of the lane, where it left the highway. The very first morning I passed, a lady in a sun-bonnet was weeding a patch of flowers in the yard. The next morning she wore a better bonnet, and so between seeing her one morning in one bonnet, and another morning in another—seeing her face one morning, and her back the next—I came to be quite familiar with her appearance and attitudes, and I dare say, if I had stayed long enough, our acquaintance might in time have ripened to something like chit-chat over the hedge that bordered her garden.

But I was most familiar with my neighbours over the way, the other side of the lane; though I never remember to have met a single one of them, even in my walks through the town. The intimacy sprung up in their garden, and grew through my windows. My landlady told me the occupants of the cottage were brothers—one a bachelor and the other married; and that his were the two children I had seen tottering over the gravel-walks in the garden. But my landlady had not told me which was the married man, and which the bachelor. It put my ingenuity sadly to the test to establish the difference. They were not far from the same age—one a heavy, florid man, with a portly step—the other thin, not as tidily dressed, and shorter by an inch. They sometimes of a morning walked down the garden, and out at the green gate together; but often the thin man was first by a half-hour at the least. I tried to hang an opinion upon this, but could not. There was something, however, in their ways of shutting the door that gave me a time strong hopes of determining their respective conditions. The thin, pale man, uniformly shut the door very promptly, and occasionally with a slam; the florid man, on the contrary, usually loitered in the half-open door, while he was putting on his gloves, and then closed it very deliberately, but impressively, and walked down the garden, as if he were at peace with all the world. The man, thought I, who closes the door emphatically and promptly, and earliest by a half-hour (for here the first-mentioned observation comes in very gracefully to sustain the last)—as if the world indoors were one thing to him, and the world out-of-doors quite another, must be the—husband. On the other hand, the man who loiters with the door half open, as if, I thought, the world within and the world without were all one to him, must be—I was very sure of it—the bachelor brother.

The expression upon the countenance of the last tended the more to confirm my opinion; for, after observing it attentively every morning for a week, I could discover no expression at all, either of joy, sorrow, disgust, or anxiety—one or the other of which, under the circumstances, would, I thought, very naturally sit upon the face of a husband. The pale man seemed to me to have more thankfulness in his nature; and, as he felt first the fresh, cool air of the morning, I fancied that he breathed a sort of inward thanksgiving to Heaven for having made such a morning, and for having given him such a blessed opportunity of enjoying it;—and surely, thought I, it is, or ought to be, characteristic of a married man to be grateful for even the most trifling mercies of Heaven.

Towards noon, it always happened that a small boy with a basket rung the bell at the green gate, and the maid-of-all-work ran out—always in the same pea-green dress, slip-shod—to bring back the steak, or joint, or brace of fowls, as the case might be. At four precisely, the two brothers, arm in arm, enter the little green gate; and four times out of five it happened that just at that hour the two little children would be frolicking about the garden, and that both would set off on a canter down towards the gate, shouting, I fancied (for I could not hear), at every jump,—"Papa—papa!" The florid man uniformly stood still for the little girl to come up, and the pale man as uniformly advanced a step to catch the little boy in his arms. Which was the papa?—for my life I could not tell. They walk together into the house; presently the stout man appears with a knife in his hand—walks to the further end of the garden, and

cuts a huge bunch of celery; he then disappears, and I see no more of either till after dinner.

I have finished my own, and am sitting before the window, when out come the two brothers, and seat themselves for a quiet smoke upon the bench beside the door. The stout man puffs slowly, and at long intervals, and throws his head back against the wall, and clasps his hands across the lower button of his waistcoat, and puffs, and looks into the sky, as if it were all his own. Happy man! thought I, without care, without anxieties—your own robust, contented looks are, after all, the best proof of your fortunate estate. I could not help contrasting his free and easy appearance with that of the poor man beside him. The puffs of this last were violent and irregular; indeed, his cigar was gone before that of the stout man was half consumed. I thought he gazed with a look of envy upon the careless air of the bachelor brother. Poor soul! from my heart I pitied him. Meantime the children steal out;—the boy treads on the toes of the thin man, and the little girl (it puzzled me for a while) covers the face of the stout man with kisses. Once on a fair noon, after I had resided a fortnight at the cottage, the mother made her appearance with a babe of only six weeks old in her arms; this I determined should be the test. She stood for a moment before the brothers, as if hesitating, and then with a smile, I thought half of irony, she put it gently into the arms of the thin man. He turned his eyes upward a moment, but whether to thank Heaven for having given him such a babe, or in a prayerful wish that Heaven would make it soon able to take care of itself, I could not determine. The mother sits between the brothers, and talks vivaciously to one and the other—never seeming to have a single sentiment of pity for the sad wreck of a husband beside her.

Now, whether the motion of the father's arms induced the sensations of sea-sickness, or whether the babe had been over-fed, it suddenly fell violently sick. The poor man jumped up, with an exclamation that reached my ear through the window. And—I could not have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes—the mother and brother burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter at sight of the thin man and the sick baby. It was wrong—it was inhuman, but I could not help laughing at the poor devil myself; and I was the less disposed to resist, as I wanted to enjoy a kind of triumph over my landlady, who was but two years married, and who was taking the last dish from the table. "Ha, ha, Madame," said I, as she came and peeped over my shoulder, "voiez vous—this poor soul—ha, ha—his own child—." "Monsieur!" interrupted Madame, looking me fixedly in the face. "Eh, bien, Madame, je dis—moi—he, he—que se pauvre diable—ce mari—." "But, Monsieur," said Madame, "the thin man is not the husband—." "And the stout man—?" "Is Monsieur D.—, the husband of the lady, and the father of those pretty children?" I asked my landlady to draw the curtains, and bring up candles. But the time has come to leave Jersey; and if it is objected by any, that I give no sufficient account of the social habits of the people, can I not point back triumphantly with the feather-end of my quill to the last three pages, where are drawn actual daguerreotypes of the inhabitants of as many cottages? Nay, more; have I not, forgetting my native modesty, peeped through the chintz curtains of my window, and so exposed to the eye of the world the domestic secrets of my neighbour's family? I can only add, that the people of the island are most easy and familiar in their social intercourse. There is about them a *bonhomie* and heartfulness that makes one's feelings warm towards them. There are no foolish distinctions in their society; mere rank is not insisted on; and everywhere the stranger is received with a most affable courtesy.

It was a night in early spring on which I had arranged my leave-taking. Two months the cottage had been my home; in that time I had gained my health once more; and in that time, too, had come to me sad, sad news from over the ocean; and I had wept bitter tears at that home in the cottage. But the parish clock at St. Hilliers has struck; the landlady calls; I snatch the curtain aside for a last look into my neighbour's garden; the moon lights up pleasantly the brown face of the cottage, and silvers the box-borders and the gravel-walks; I give a hasty final glance around the parlour—into the grate, burning so cheerfully; and often since, in the *maisons garnies* of Paris, in the dirty inns of the Apennines, and in the splendid hotels of Vienna, have I longed for the quiet comforts of my little home at La Solitude.

All this must remind the reader of STERNE—and indeed the physiognomy of the book, with its

* From the American *Literary World*—the American *Critic*.

separate chapter-titles and title-pages of red letters and Greek mottoes, recalls two "very diverse," yet equally "memorable books"—*The Sentimental Journey*, and *The Doctor*. Nor is its vein altogether disappointing to the reader, whose imagination anticipates entertainment somewhat like that afforded by those two literary favourites. A random, philosophical tone, similar to poor SOUTHEY's mélange, is clearly discernible in our translator's reveries, and there are many touches of quiet humour and tender feeling which are akin to STERNE. The author remarks somewhere in the course of his book, that other people's descriptions are nothing compared to personal observation, and ascribes the vague impressions we receive from the accounts of tourists, to the variety of their idiosyncrasies. Perhaps this is also the reason why we never weary of records of travel—however familiar the ground. Enough, if there is something genuine in the writer, if he tells us what he really feels, and how things actually strike him. We confess that the eventuality which enlivens the *Journal of STEPHENS*, the vague poetical atmosphere that bathes LAMARTINE'S Eastern scenes, and the critical enthusiasm of MRS. JAMESON, have each for us their particular charm. There is a manly cheerfulness about Ik. Marvel in his peregrinations in search of health, which leads him to find a glimpse of humour or a dash of sentiment amid circumstances the most unpropitious. Like the brave old English bard, he seems to feel, whatever are the temporary surroundings—"my mind to me a kingdom is,"—and even when he complains, it is with the pleasure of MATTHEWS in his *Diary of an Invalid*. His descriptions of Paris life are singularly true and unexaggerated. They have not only vividly recalled, but more clearly arranged, our reminiscences. The pictures of the Prefect of Police, Les Maisons Garnies, The Café, The Restaurant, and The Modern Cook, are full of correctness and point; while the disquisitions on the Religion of Paris and morality in France, as well as occasional theories of national character, are judicious and tenable. The most fresh of the Gleanings, as far as subjects are concerned, are those relating to the island of Jersey, and the trip in Hungary. We like a traveller that can depict the present with graphic power, and, at the same time, mellow his pictures with the light of the past. Our author frequently does this most happily. At St. Hiliars he revives the memory of the gallant Major PIERSON, whose death-scene COPELY portrayed; and the gay aspect of his first evening in Paris is made thoughtful by keen recollections of MARIE ANTOINETTE and CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Another pre-requisite of a good tourist he possesses, and that is, the faculty of making himself at home everywhere. He contrives to weave the charm of personal association around each new scene, and thus give vitality and interest to its details. Moreover, he is evidently a gentleman and a scholar—both of which facts are made known to us in a very unobtrusive, and therefore very reliable way. His ideas of the freedom of intercourse and the facility of adaptation necessary to see the world effectively, are quite philosophical, and the best proof of their wisdom are the Fresh Gleanings themselves. Some clever stories are inserted at intervals à la STERNE—such as La Merle, Boldo's Story, &c.; and some apostrophes come in deftly, to vary the foreign panorama. To sum up our author's claims in a word, he is a sympathetic observer. There are scores of attractive Flemish pictures, bringing up houses, faces, landscapes, and coterries, in their own proper colours and relief—evidently daguerreotyped from life and nature.

In striking contrast to the dreamy picture of La Solitude, we have the following a few pages further on:—

APPROACH TO LYONS.

I always felt a strong curiosity to learn something about those great inland cities of France which maintain a somewhat doubtful and precarious existence in the public mind by being set down in the books of geographers. I had been whipped to learn in my old school a long paragraph about Lyons, I dare say, ten times over; and yet, when bowling down the mountains in a crazy diligence, at midnight, between Geneva and the city of silks, I could not

tell a syllable about it. I had a half memory of its having been the scene of dreadful murders in the time of the Revolution, and shuddered at thought of its bloody and dark streets; I knew the richest silks of the West came from Lyons, and so, thought it must be full of silk-shops and factories; I remembered how Tristram Shandy had broken down his chaise, and gone "higgledy-piggledy" in a cart into Lyons, and so I thought the roads must be very rough around the city; my old tutor, in his explication of the text of Tacitus, had given me the idea that Lyons was a cold city, far away to the north; and as for the tourists, if I had undertaken to entertain, upon the midnight in question, one half of the contradictory notions which they put in my mind from time to time, my thoughts about Lyons would have been more "higgledy-piggledy" than poor Sterne's post-chaise, and worse twisted than his papers in the curls of the chaise-vanper's wife.

I had predetermined to disregard all that the tourists had written, and to find things (a very needless resolve) quite the opposite of what they had been described to be. I nudged F—, who was dozing in the corner under the lantern, and took his pocket-gazetteer, and turning to the place where we were going, read, "Lyons is the second city of France. It is situated on the Rhone, near its junction with the Soane. It has large silk manufactories, and a venerable old cathedral." We shall see, thought I. What a help to the digestion of previously-acquired information is the simple seeing for one's self! The whole budget of history, and of fiction—whether of travel-writers or romancers, and of geographers, fades into insignificance in comparison with one glance of an actual observer. Particular positions and events may be vivid to the mind, but they can tell no story of noise and presence—of rivers rushing, wheels rolling, sun shining, voices talking. And why cannot these all be so pictured that a man might wake up in a far-off city, as if it were an old story? Simply because each observer has his individualities, which it is as impossible to convey to the mind of another by writing, as it would have been for me to have kept awake that night in the diligence, after reading so sleepy a paragraph as that in the gazetteer. I dreamed of silk cravats, and gaping cut-throats, until F— nudged me in his turn at two in the morning, and said we had got to Lyons.

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

The Wife, a Story. By T. S. ARTHUR, Author of "The Maiden," "The Mother," &c.

The Mother, a Story. By the Same.

MR. ARTHUR has an endless series of subjects before him. We see as in a vision "The Grandmother," "The Great-Grandmother," "The Aunt," "The Cousin," "The Niece," and so forth, and then turning to the other sex he may in like manner make some twenty volumes. There is a great deal in a name.

But, joking apart, these little stories are well enough adapted for little people. They have a moral purpose, and perhaps may induce some to take a lesson in ethics who would have shrunk from a sermon and laughed at a lecture.

DECORATIVE ART.

DECORATIVE ART-UNION.

THE same impediment to business which we noticed in our last has made this week a blank as respects progress in the formation of this Society. So many assistants have been laid up, that it is with difficulty the regular duties of the office have been performed, and we have been unable to issue a single prospectus for want of printers, or to hold the necessary communication with any agent, for want of personal leisure, the work, of course, falling doubly heavy upon those who have escaped illness. The next week, being shorn of a day, through the holiday falling upon a Saturday, will in like manner increase the labour to make up for the loss, so that little can be done beyond the regular routine of the office; and the succeeding week being altogether a holiday week, is equally hopeless for any efficient movement in town or country. So we propose,

without omitting any opportunity that may occur for advancing the design, and inviting continued efforts on the part of its agents and friends, and communications of new subscribers, so far as regards the editorial narrative of proceedings, to adjourn over the Christmas holidays, and then to renew the topic, and describe what has been done in the interval, and what it is proposed to do; limiting our remarks here to comments upon the subject generally.

And now we have to notice a circumstance which carries considerable suspicion upon the face of it.

The December number of *Douglas Jerrold's Magazine* contains an article deliberately proposing the formation of a society precisely similar to this one, or rather, we should say, recommending the subject to the consideration of the public as a matter of national importance, and of which the success could not be doubtful, and pointing out its advantages to the manufactures and commerce of the country. All this is written and printed, without the slightest allusion to the fact that such a Society is already in progress of formation. The author pretends the most entire unconsciousness that he is retailing another man's plans, and claiming the honour of an invention, which had not only been thought of, but carried into execution. We can scarcely believe that the ignorance was real; for the Decorative Art-Union has been largely advertised, and its name is visible to every person who passes through the Strand. We are equally unwilling to conclude that Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD would have admitted into his magazine a proposal pirated from another, and taken credit for it as its author. We trust that we shall, at least, receive from him, in his next number, the public explanation due to the mistake into which he has fallen, and an acknowledgment that his design has been anticipated. We trust, also, that as he deems it to be one of so great national importance, he will give us his cordial and powerful aid in the endeavour to carry it out.

It will have been observed, that we are without agents and members of the Council in the great towns in the north, the seats of manufacture, which are most interested in the success of the Society, and where it ought to find the most zealous support. Would some of our readers in those towns oblige us by sending the names of some fit persons of influential position, to whom it would be desirable that we should make application to undertake the office of Provincial Councillors; as also of energetic persons (booksellers, or keepers of fancy shops) sufficiently responsible and respectable to be our agents in their several localities?

DECORATIVE ART.

It is our wish that *THE CRITIC* should become the organ of communication upon this subject. At present there is no weekly journal formally devoting to it a portion of its pages. But it is exciting so much attention among all classes; it is so growing in interest; there is so much practical utility in it; so many persons are directly concerned in its advancement; every reader has so much to do with it, and the topic is in itself so full of pleasing information, and its cultivation is so wholesome to the mind and elevating to the taste, that we hope to be adding largely to the attractions of *THE CRITIC* by dedicating a distinct column to all information and communications relating to Decorative Art. To this end we shall be happy to receive and give place to the following kinds of intelligence, among others:—

Proceedings of Societies for the Cultivation of Decorative Art.

Proceedings of the Schools of Design now numerously established throughout the country. Essays or papers on various subjects belonging to Decorative Art.

Queries as to the best modes of decoration in houses, public buildings, &c.

Answers to such queries by artists, decorators, &c.

The suggestions and plans of artists for improved decorations.

The like from practical decorators, painters, upholsterers, and others.

If any artist, architect, builder, house-painter, upholsterer, manufacturer, or other person engaged in the production of works of Decorative Art invent any novelty of any kind, he will be enabled here to bring it under the notice of the public without expense, save the cost of any woodcuts by which he may desire to illustrate his description; and, as the organ of the *Decorative Art-Union*, *THE CRITIC* will necessarily afford peculiar advantages for bringing announcements of this kind directly under the notice of those who are most likely to patronise them.

In this design we ask the aid of all artists and manufacturers, who have so direct a pecuniary and personal interest in its prosperity.

Place will be given to woodcut illustrations, whenever required; and should the plan we propose receive during the coming year the support to which its interest and importance seem to entitle it, we shall not hesitate to carry out our plan of enlarging *THE CRITIC* to twenty-four pages, so to afford ample scope for this accession of intelligence.

As a specimen of the sort of questions which, among others, we are desirous of having discussed by artists, amateurs, and practical men, we subjoin the following, which have been received from correspondents:—

QUERIES.

[Answers from Artists, Amateurs, and Practical Decorators to the following queries will oblige.]

DECORATION OF DRAWING-ROOMS.

I am about to paper afresh a double drawing-room, each about thirty-four feet by twenty feet. I am tired of the monotony of the same design in every room one enters, and desire to decorate it in the best taste without regard to mere *fashion*. Will any of your readers, who have studied the subject, suggest the best mode of decorating it—chiefly as to the colour of paper and hangings, and whether a panel paper or otherwise? Also, do they still maintain the notion of *uniformity* instead of *variety* of colour? Must the chairs and sofas be a continuation of the curtains, and the carpet reflect their hues? Is this good taste, or a prejudice? I have a strong suspicion that it is the latter; but I should like to be enlightened by those who have made the subject a study, and can give reasons for their opinions.

R. J.

STOVES.

I want a new grate for my library, and having an eye for form, should like to be instructed by any of your correspondents what kind of grate best combines comfort with elegance and excludes smoke—and where it could be procured. AN AMATEUR.

PAPERS.

Where, in London, can I see the largest and most tasteful collection of paper-hangings? M. Bristol.

GAS.

Can Gas be safely introduced into a drawing-room? NEMO.

[We can answer that question at once. No. It spoils delicate furniture and light hangings and paper.—ED. CRITIC.]

We believe there is in London a Society for the Promotion of Decorative Art. Where is its locality? We should be glad to report its proceedings, and have the aid of its members in the design here set forth.

ART.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—On Friday, the 10th inst., a numerous body of the academicians assembled to award the prizes to the successful competitors in the several schools of Art. The occasion is always a most interesting one, the competing students not knowing up to the moment who amongst them are

destined to receive the rewards—consequently excitement arrives at a pitch almost of nervous frenzy. The amiable and esteemed keeper, GEORGE JONES, esq. R.A. on taking the chair, lamented that he did so in consequence of the illness of Sir MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, the president, but who, though absent, he assured the students was present with them in his thoughts, his heart, and in his zeal and wishes for their welfare. Mr. JONES then proceeded, amidst the most profound silence, succeeded by deafening cheers as each name was announced, to present the prizes to Mr. JOHN E. MALAY, for the best historical picture, the gold medal and the Lectures of Professors REYNOLDS and WEST—being the second medal he has received; Mr. GEORGE G. ADAMS, for the best historical group in sculpture, the gold medal and the Lectures of Professors REYNOLDS and WEST—being the third medal received by him; Mr. EDWARD RAMSEY, for the best architectural design, the gold medal and Lectures of Professors REYNOLDS and WEST; Mr. WILLIAM PROCTOR, for the best copy in the school of painting, the silver medal and the Lectures of Professors FUSELI and FLAXMAN; Mr. THOMAS G. DUVAL, for the best drawing from the life, the silver medal and the Lectures of Professors FUSELI and FLAXMAN; Mr. FERDINAND PICKERING, for the next best drawing from the life, the silver medal; Mr. JAMES CHESTER LANSDOWNE, for the best architectural drawing of the entrance and interior of the Temple Church, the silver medal and the Lectures of Professors FUSELI and FLAXMAN; Mr. CHARLES COMPTON, for the best drawing from the antique, the silver medal and the Lectures of Professor FUSELI; Mr. EDMUND EAGLES, for the next best drawing from the antique, the silver medal; Mr. EDWARD J. PHYSICK, for the best model from the antique, the silver medal. Mr. JONES, at each presentation, addressed words of kindness and congratulation, and at the conclusion delivered a most feeling address to the students generally, dwelling on the pleasure of rewarding merit, urging them to active study, not to be contented with rewards and degrees, but to love the art for itself alone; to be unceasing in industry, and beware of mediocrity, which in art is a bane, and not an advantage; to cultivate the study of nature through the antique, for all that is in the antique is to be found in nature,—but it is partial; reminding them that the members of the institution looked with hope and expectation to them to carry it forward, and to their endeavours to extend its sphere of usefulness. As keeper, Mr. JONES was proud to say that the personal conduct of the students was unexceptionable. The awarding of the prizes gave great satisfaction,—a fact which it would be difficult to say reflects most credit on the judges or the judged.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—On Monday last Professor GREEN delivered his sixth and concluding lecture on anatomy, continuing and completing his previous discourse on the structure of the eye by a consideration of it in connection with the physiology of vision. Mr. GREEN was listened to with the most profound attention by a crowded audience.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

MR. BEALE has just resigned the management of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden. The responsible manager is a gentleman of fortune, recently connected with an extensive brewing establishment. At present the arrangements are, to open the theatre on the 4th of March.—The vacancy in the Directorship of the Ancient Concerts, left by the decease of the Archbishop of York, is filled by the Bishop of Bath and Wells.—The Bunn and Lind case is to come to a hearing—other causes permitting—on Monday next.—It appears that M. Julien is by no means inattentive to the claims of our native composers; for, besides Balfe's new opera, which was produced on Monday, operas are forthcoming from the pens of Barnett, Macfarren, and E. Loder.—Speaking of Mademoiselle Albion's appearance at Paris, the *Musical World* informs us that “the *éclat* and *puissance* of

this eternal youth struck all who assisted at the splendid performance of *Semiramide*, in which Madlle. Albion debuted in the Italian Theatre. Here one might observe and compare, on one side, the youthful *cantatrice* who had already joined the completion of art to the results of an organisation on which nature had lavished all her wealth; and on the others, all the juvenile *verve* of a virtuoso who has obtained universal favouritism for so many years in the same theatre, and in the same city.” We understand that Albion will receive 4,000l. for the next season at Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. For her exertions last season her pay was 1,000l. The Parisians had not smiled on her then.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—With the sedulous seeking for variety that distinguishes this theatre, three new pieces have been produced since our last notice. *Le Premier Malade* is a lively little anecdotal piece, illustrating the over-anxiety of a young doctor to obtain patients, and his first proves to be a house-dog. He was impersonated with great spirit by M. JOSSET. *Le Chef-d'Œuvre Inconnu* is a more elaborate production. The plot is thus described by a contemporary. It is the story of a young sculptor, who, proscribed from the city of Genoa for a political conspiracy, has occupied a twelve-months' secret retirement at Florence in the production of a St. Cecilia, which his genius has rendered a masterpiece. Two or three touches around the arms are alone wanting to make the statue perfect. These touches, in the temporary absence of the young aspirant, are supplied by the hand of *Michel Angelo*, and the St. Cecilia then becomes, what it had been designed to be, the all but breathing portrait of *Léonor*, the sculptor's mistress, the daughter of another proscribed Genoese, who, unknown to her, has promised her hand to the Duke's favourite, the *Marquis Apiani*, as the price of his restoration, by the Duke's influence, to his country. A triumphal crown has been decreed for the noble St. Cecilia offered in competition by artists of Florence. The young *Rolla*, from a patriotic hatred of the Duke, and a personal animosity to his favourite, withholds his St. Cecilia from competition; but, on the report of *Michel Angelo*, the crown is adjudged to him; and by the same influence he is secured the hand of his beloved *Léonor*. The double triumph, however, comes too late; irritated to frenzy by the appearance in his studio of his enfeebled rival, who demands the St. Cecilia, he destroys the statue. The excitement proves too much for his enfeebled frame, and when *Michel Angelo* reappears, with *Léonor*, bearing the golden crown, the young sculptor is dying. M. FECHTER plays the part of *Rolla* with a power of feeling and a dignity of carriage that made a deep impression upon the audience, and called forth frequent and deserved approval. It was a fine piece of acting. The third is *Le Réveil du Lion*, of which a translation lately appeared at the Haymarket, and was then described, so that we need not repeat it now. London offers no such school for the study of the French language as the French plays, independently of their other attractions.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—We are delighted to find M. JULLIEN's spirited enterprise appreciated by the public as it deserves to be. He has prepared a costly and sumptuous banquet, and Taste and Fashion crowd to partake of it. It does one good to witness the walls of “Old Drury” again choked with its living load, as it was wont to be in days of yore. Of the performance we have already spoken—the same excellence pervades it in every point. Mr. SIMS REVE improves upon acquaintance, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing him the first English tenor of the day. We look forward with anticipation to his appearance in an original character, and without doubt of his success.

WALHALLA, LEICESTER-SQUARE.—There are few localities about London where a couple of hours can be more pleasantly spent than at this place of amusement. Here Madame WHARTON reigns triumphant, assisted by her clever artistes. We are glad to see, by the patronage that is bestowed upon her, that the public duly appreciate her endeavours to produce classic representations. Among the many groups that we have lately seen, we would particularly notice “Vulcan forging Cupid's Arrows”—the position of Venus is exceedingly beautiful;—“May and the Morning Star”; “Angel discoursing with Adam”—the ease of the figures beyond praise;—“The Lute Player”—the ravishment expressed on the features of the listeners, and their gestures, natural

and correct ;—and Madame WHARTON'S "Classic Nymph." Now that the Christmas holidays are approaching we have no doubt that this exhibition will be much frequented.

HOLBORN CASINO.—We were glad to see, on visiting this casino, so great an improvement on last year. The amusements commence with a concert, in which there is some pleasing singing introduced by the Misses WELLS, and other artistes. The Bedouin Arabs follow, and astonish all by their extraordinary feats of agility. The feats of SANTA AMESON and his son, although very clever, cannot be so much admired, out of pity to the son—a child of apparently only six years of age. Dancing winds up the evening, when gents, gentlemen, and tradesmen, seem to vie who shall whirl their partners round the quickest in the *valse à deux temps*.

JOURNAL OF PUBLIC HEALTH.

MORTALITY IN THE METROPOLIS.

FROM the Registrar-General's return for the metropolitan districts, it appears that the excessive rate of mortality which was announced in the previous report continued to prevail in the week ending Saturday last. The number of deaths is 2,416, shewing an increase above the average of the season equal to 1,370, or 130 per cent. ; whilst, compared with the greater number of the preceding week, it gives a difference of only 38. The following are the principal causes of mortality in three weeks :

	Weeks ending Saturday			Weekly Average.
	Nov. 27.	Dec. 4.	Dec. 11.	
Zymotic Diseases	415	638	733	211
Diseases of respiratory organs	634	994	913	333
Typhus, &c. . . .	91	135	140	38
Influenza	36	198	374	3
Pneumonia and Bronchitis	366	649	593	148
All causes	1,677	2,454	2,416	1,046

The decrease of mortality in the previous week, though numerically insignificant, encourages a belief that the force of the epidemic has attained its maximum, and, being checked by some improvement in the state of the atmosphere is already on the decline. Probably, influenza has done its worst for the present; certainly it has done more than enough to renew in the minds of the existing population the "acquaintance" which it established with our ancestors some centuries ago. From the above statement it will be observed, that while the total mortality is less, the deaths specially ascribed to influenza shew a considerable increase on the former week. This circumstance it is difficult to explain, except on the supposition that, at first, medical men perceived in a multitude of cases only the aggravation of a chronic complaint, or the inflammatory symptoms of a common cold, till wide-spread disaster compelled them to recognise the presence of a new agent, and to assign the appropriate name.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

THE SONG OF THE YEAR 1847.

BY MRS. LORIANE.

FOR the life of earth new-born,
For her stores of golden corn,
Starry flower and radiant fruit,
Blossom fair and teeming root,—
For her gladness, and her health,
For her beauty and her wealth,
For her soul's deep pang passed by,
Glory be to God on high !

Through the soil and on the blast,
Late a ghastly spectre passed,
And upon our island strand
Smote the angel of the land.
Barren field and shrunken fold
Of the awful shadow told ;
And strong men fell smitten down,
Like the grass the scythe has mown.

Dead and dying in the street
Lay without a winding-sheet—
And the mother's lessening force
Bore her child's unburied corpse ;
There went up a fearful tale—
Man's fierce sob, and woman's wail ;
There came down a swift reply—
Glory be to God on high !

Like the writing on the wall
We beheld the warning fall—

But we needed saint nor seer
To translate the signs of fear.
Lowly kneeling in the dust,
For the evil mourned the just ;
What a sight for Heaven to win—
A nation fasting for its sin !

There were some who turned away,
Made the Fast a holiday ;
But the angelic host can tell
There were some who kept it well.
And He who for the sake of *ten*
Will spare His wrath on other men,
Heard the deep and bitter cry—
Glory be to God on high !

Glory for the fertile earth,
Prophet of the plenteous hearth !
For the garner's teeming store,
For the riches of the poor !—
For the pure and gentle springs,
For the breeze's healing wings,
Sun and rain and changing sky,
Glory be to God on high !

By the tears which thousands shed,
By the ashes of the dead,
By the men whom famine slew,
By the anguish which they knew,
By the rainbow's radiant sign,
By the type of Bread Divine,
By our mourning fasting tears,
Spare us, Lord, in future years.

By the mercies lost and given,
By the healing Hand of Heaven,
By the judgment turned away,
By the dedicated Day,
As one voice let millions raise
High the Litany of Praise ;
Hear us—hear our solemn cry—
Glory be to God on high !

NECROLOGY.

MR. ANDREW BROWN.

THIS gentleman was well known to many of our older readers, having resided in this city from the year 1806 to 1826. Mr. Brown's early career was not unchequered by incidents. His father, who was a native of the north of Ireland, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. About the year 1773 he went to America as an officer in the British service, which he soon quitted and settled in Massachusetts. At the commencement of the revolutionary war he joined the American army, in which he soon rose to the rank of major, and behaved with distinction in the early battles of the war—Lexington, Bunker's Hill, &c. He afterwards served under Generals Gates and Green, and commanded the garrison of Boston on the evacuation of that place by the British troops in March, 1776. At the close of the war he was, like many other brave men, thrown upon the world by the depreciation of the government paper money, and in 1788 he established, at Philadelphia, the *Federal Gazette*, to which Dr. Franklin, Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and most of the distinguished statesmen of America, were contributors, the present constitution of the United States being then the subject of warm discussion. Major Brown carried on his newspaper with great spirit. As one instance of his enterprise, it may be worthy of note that he employed the first regular reporter of debates in the Congress. The profits of his journal were great, and he was in the midst of prosperity, when, in the night of the 27th of January, 1797, a fire broke out in his dwelling-house ; and in an unsuccessful attempt to rescue his family from the flames, he was so much injured that he survived only a few days. His wife and three children were, on the 28th, committed to a common grave. Mr. Andrew Brown, then a very young man, was the only member of the family who escaped ; he was absent from home at the time of the calamity, and became proprietor of the newspaper (then called the *Philadelphia Gazette*). He may be said to have been almost reared on the field of battle. When the English forces were in pursuit of their American foes, carts, wagons and every available vehicle were eagerly seized by the latter, and their wives and children, as well as their goods, crammed indiscriminately into them. Mr. Brown, when a boy, had many narrow escapes of this description. Thrown on his own resources, he acted with characteristic energy. Entertaining no sympathy with the anti-English party, he at once changed the politics of his party—a step which excited considerable animosity against him, the friends of "freedom of opinion" carrying their violence so far as to attempt even personal chastisement. Mr. Brown, however, adhered

to his course, and his paper flourished, despite all opposition. At that period every ship from Europe conveyed news of the great events of the war. Mr. Brown projected and perfected a system of boat expresses, to board the English vessels on their arrival, by which means he was enabled to outstrip all his contemporaries. This may be considered as the first step in that magnificent system of expressing which has since been carried out with so much skill in England, and which now reflects so much honour on the British press. During the frightful ravages of the yellow fever at Philadelphia, Mr. Brown continued the publication of his newspaper, at the imminent risk of his life, at a period when the whole city was deserted by its inhabitants, and the grass grew high in the streets. Being the only paper published, the fugitive citizens, dispersed over the country, were indebted to it alone for information of their scattered friends, and of the progress of the disease. Mr. Brown, however, soon saw too much of "liberalism" to remain in a land where "liberalism" was then rampant. He disposed of his property in the *Philadelphia Gazette*, and, in 1802, he embarked for England. During the whole of the long period which has since elapsed, he has ever employed such means as lay at his disposal in the support of the good old Tory cause. He had retired from the active duties of life some years, and died on Tuesday, at his house in Holford-square, London, at the age of 75, a victim to the prevailing influenza.—*Bristol Mirror*.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

BEARCROFT.—On the 12th inst. at Cambridge, the wife of Edward C. K. Bearcroft, esq. of Queen's College, in that University of a son.

FLOWER.—On the 10th inst. the wife of the Rev. W. B. Flower, B.A. Assistant Classical Master at Christ's Hospital, London, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

M'KENDRICK, H. esq. proprietor of the *Ulster General Advertiser*, to Mrs. Hulme, Donegal-pass, Belfast, on the 8th inst.

DEATHS.

BRANDON, Joshua Arthur, esq. architect, on the 11th inst. in Beaumont-buildings, Strand, aged 25.

FALCONAR, Alexander, esq. on the 10th inst. at his seat, Falcon Hall, Edinburgh, aged 80. He filled the offices of Secretary and Persian Translator in the Madras Presidency during the government of Sir George Hilaro Barlow.

HARMAN, Mr. C. A. of the office of the Masters in Lunney, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and secretary to the Indigent Blind Visiting Society, on the 11th inst. at Baker-street, Pentonville, aged 37.

KINGSTON, Helena, Countess of, on the 9th inst. at her residence, Alpha-road, Regent's-park, aged 74.

TWISS, Rev. Edward Robert, M.A. of Bushey, Herts, on the 13th inst. at 35, Hamilton-terrace, St. John's-wood, aged 30.

WHITTAKE, G. B. esq. the eminent bookseller and publisher, on the 13th inst. at Phillimore-place, Kensington.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS.—Mr. Huxley has introduced an ingenious and useful invention as a substitute for the inconvenient and uncomfortable bandages hitherto employed by surgeons. It is a kind of stocking, stoutly elastic, and which may be procured so as to produce any desired degree of pressure. Like most of our modern inventions it is a product of caoutchouc.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Mesmerism and its Opponents. By Rev. GEORGE SANDBY, M.A. Vicar of Flixton, Suffolk. Second Edition. Part I. London, 1848. Longman and Co.

MESMERISM has reached the second stage in the progress of all new truths. First, they are dogmatically denied, and those who assert them are abused if they interfere with previously established opinion, persecuted if they disturb any profitable fallacy. When facts accumulate, and the evidence is irresistible, their truth is tacitly admitted ; but those so reluctantly convinced contend that the truth is not a new one—that there is no honour for those who claim its authorship, for it was known ages ago under some other name. Lastly, the opponents cease to exhibit open hostility ; the believers proclaim their belief ; the generation of sceptics passes away, and by their successors, brought up in the light of the new doctrine, the very truth their fathers denied is deemed an established truth, which

he who should question would in his turn be held to be as insane as were its authors.

Mesmerism has reached, we say, the second stage in the progress of a truth to recognition as an established fact in science. Even its once most fierce opponents admit that *there is something in it*. They grant that it is not all a *deception, a fraud, or a mistake*. It is allowed to be a *fact in nature*, that by whatever process produced, or whatsoever its physiology, the brain is capable of being thrown into a condition of artificial somnambulism, in which, while certain of the senses are paralysed and others remain in full activity, the mind wakes though the body sleeps, and some of the faculties are in more active operation and excited to a higher degree of susceptibility than in the ordinary condition of waking existence.

So far is Mesmerism now universally admitted to be reality, and not, as it was once asserted and believed to be, an imposture. The evidence has been too strong for its opponents. So long as it was confined to hospital surgeons and public lecturers there was undoubtedly fair ground for questioning and suspicion; but as soon as private persons discovered that they could, each one within his own circle of acquaintances, test the truth with his own hands, and produce in his own parlour, among his own family, where deception was impossible, the same phenomena as had been described by the lecturers and writers upon the subject, necessarily doubt yielded before the testimony of the senses, and and by this process, in almost every town in England, and in almost every family, has the conviction of the truth slowly and silently, but surely, been making its way, until now a sceptic is as rare as was formerly a believer.

It is, therefore, a fitting season for a new edition of Mr. SANDBY's book, which, as the production of a clergyman of the Church of England, remarkable for his piety and his intelligence, has contributed so much towards the removal of the prejudices which, in the case of Mesmerism, as in that of GALILEO, and HARVEY, and NEWTON, and every other discovery of a great truth in nature, has been the favourite mode of warfare with its opponents. Mr. SANDBY was among the first to proclaim his conviction of the truth. He has watched its progress with the interest of one who believes it to be, not merely a truth, but a truth fraught with blessings to humanity. Since the appearance of the first edition of his work facts have vastly accumulated. He has found it necessary to rewrite the whole, and although called only a new edition, it is really a new work.

Mr. SANDBY grapples with the whole subject. He examines boldly every objection that has been urged from every quarter. He shrinks from no argument or assertion of its opponents. He calmly reviews and answers them one after another. A fairer book was never written. If it contain all that can be said for Mesmerism, it also contains all that *has been* said against it.

The introductory chapter is devoted to a consideration of the hostility which has been shewn to Mesmerism by scientific and medical men. Unfortunately, this is no novelty. The history of Science is a history of similar hostilities. The fact is often triumphantly urged against Mesmerism. It is to be answered with another; all the scientific men of the age denied the circulation of the blood, after HARVEY had proclaimed it. If the argument be worthless in the one case, it is equally so in the other. We will therefore dismiss this melancholy chapter in this history of medical science, merely reminding the reader that Dr. FORBES, the editor of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, formerly so decided an opponent, has now admitted in that journal that "*there is a reality in the simple phenomena of Mesmerism*," and concludes with the remarkable assertion that he "*has not dreaded the ridicule of his brethren in declaring his full belief in the reality of some of the facts which have been often set down as sheer delusion or imposture*." And now comes the crowning confession of Dr. FORBES in the following words:—"We conceive that the evidence attesting the fact of certain abnormal states being induced by Mesmerism is now of such a character that it can no longer be philosophically disregarded by the mem-

bers of our profession, but that they are bound to meet it." * * * Indeed, we hesitate not to assert that the testimony is now of so varied and extensive a kind, so strong, and in a certain proportion of cases so seemingly unexceptionable, as to authorise us—nay, in honesty, to *compel* us—to recommend that an immediate and complete trial of the practice be made in surgical cases."

But this is not all. Among the foremost in its abuse of Mesmerism has hitherto been the *Medico-Chirurgical Quarterly Review*. In a recent notice of Dr. ESDAILE'S *Narrative of Operations in India under the Influence of Mesmeric Treatment*, the reviewer frankly says—"Without agreeing with our author in the general favourable estimate he gives of mesmerism, we may state that we believe the cases we have alluded to are entitled to our belief, and that the subject is one of such vast importance as to call for a searching investigation."

What an array of great names can be produced on the other side! COLE RIDGE said, in 1830, that "his mind was in a state of philosophical doubt as to animal magnetism." Dr. ARNOLD, than whom a more lauded and thoughtful man never existed, thus speaks of it:—"What our fathers have done, still leaves an enormous deal for us to do. The philosophy of medicine, I imagine, is almost at zero: our practice is empirical, and seems hardly more than a course of guessing, more or less happy. The theory of life itself lies, probably, beyond our knowledge." * * * We talk of nerves, and we perceive their connection with operations of the mind;—but we cannot understand a thinking, or a seeing, or a hearing nerve. * * * Here, and in a thousand other points, there is room for infinite discoveries; to say nothing of the wonderful phenomena of animal magnetism, which only Englishmen with their accustomed ignorance venture to laugh at, but which no one yet has either thoroughly ascertained or explained."

When Mesmerism succeeded in producing insensibility to pain in upwards of 300 recorded surgical operations, Sir B. BRODIE, resolute to deny it, though the evidence was before his eyes, asserted that if the 300 painless operations had been 3,000, they would have been no proof of Mesmerism, for every one of the patients might have been "under the influence of excitement, or a strong moral determination to sustain pain." What says he now to ether? If the argument be good against the one, it is good against the other? Is what we suppose the influence of ether merely a strong moral determination to sustain pain? Are all the etherised patients shamming? If not, what becomes of Sir BENJAMIN'S argument against mesmeric insensibility?

The first chapter is devoted by Mr. SANDBY to a sketch of the progress of Mesmerism, and the opposition it has encountered, combating the arguments of its opponents as he goes along. He dwells at somewhat needless length upon the Rev. HUGH MACNEILL'S assertion that Mesmerism is a Satanic agency. Such an argument is beneath contempt, and does not deserve the compliment of an answer.

Although not immediately bearing upon the subject, we cannot resist the publication of Mr. SANDBY'S eloquent rebuke of a power which has ever swayed the world, and probably will ever continue to do so, because it is erected upon the weakness of humanity.

Religion has been well termed, by one of our best living writers, "the medicine of the soul;"—"it is," he says, "the designed and appropriate remedy for the evils of our nature;"—but this medicine, unhappily, is not only easily polluted by the poison of superstition, but the dregs of human passion and human vanity too readily and too often mingle with the cup. The object which the ministers of the Gospel have in view is of so momentous a nature, of an importance so above and beyond every other consideration, that it may seem, to zealous minds, almost to justify the adoption of any means towards its attainment. If the soul be but saved, what matter the process, says the carnal reasoning of the sophist. But, happily, we are forbidden by the highest authority to "do evil that good may come;" and even the salvation of sinners is not to be accomplished by unrighteous ways. Still, this golden rule of Scripture is too frequently forgotten by the young

and by the ardent. Anxious to carry on the great work that is before him,—eager to enlarge the number of his proselytes, our enthusiastic teacher is not always sufficiently careful as to the quality of the argument he adopts in his persuasions. A little "pious fraud," he trusts, may be very excusable. Not content with denouncing in words of gravest censure the ungodly and the vicious,—not satisfied with "reasoning on righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come," he must needs travel a little aside into the region of the doubtful and the imaginative. And if he be a man of talent as well as of energy, he soon perceives the result. He sees his congregation perplexed, alarmed, and anxious. He finds out that fatal secret,—fatal, I mean, to the happiness of others,—the pleasure of wielding power. He learns the power of the strong mind over the weak,—of the crafty over the credulous,—of the fanatic leader over the bigoted follower. And this power, once tasted, is far too delicious to be laid down: it must now be maintained at any cost. One preacher promotes it by enforcing the most purile and superstitious ceremonies; another by confounding things in themselves innocent and indifferent, and only blamable in their excess, with things positively sinful and forbidden in Scripture;—a third thunders forth his anathemas against the philosophic inquirer, and places on a level the man who humbly searches into the wonders of Providence with one who is living without God in the world. And the more supple and complying that they find their people, the more exacting and progressive are they in their demands. This then is Priestcraft,* be it exercised by what persuasion it may. It is that intolerable spiritual tyranny, that lording it over men's minds and consciences, which has done more injury to the pure evangelical faith,—which has more retarded the course of the everlasting Gospel, than all the writings of all the deists from Bolingbroke to Voltaire. It is in fact one of the very evils that have created deism. It belongs not in particular to one body of Christians more than to another, though the church of Rome has been taxed unjustly with an exclusive attachment to its use. Those, however, who look into the annals of the church, and analyse the springs of human action, will find it a feeling all but universal. Pope and Presbyter, Wesleyan and Baptist, have alike displayed it. The High Church movement at Oxford and the Free Church schism at Edinburgh are equally emanations of the same principle, though the accidents of their two systems may be widely opposite. Our evangelical party have, in their own peculiar way, shewn the warmest predilections for this power; no men have more domineered over the weak and ignorant than have they;—and the ministers of dissenting congregations, in spite of their loud professions to the contrary, have, where the occasion has been offered them, been as little free as any from the same hateful practice. And thus have they all succeeded in spoiling the simplicity of the Gospel through "vain deceit after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ," and rendered its pure and blessed morality of none effect through their additions. But the strangest thing in the matter is the fondness of the people for wearing the yoke. Be the doctrine or discipline what it may, the laity seem always ready to receive the most monstrous statements, and to uphold the pretensions of the most ambitious, if the teachers themselves appear but in earnest. Affection for priesthood would almost seem an inherent principle in the human heart. *Populus vult decipi:* or, as the Prophet said of old, "*the people love to have it so*, and the priests bear rule by these means." Moderation never was and never will be popular. Bitterness, bigotry, extreme and extravagant opinions,—these are the things that are palatable with the vulgar.

As an instance of the established method of attacking new truths, take the following:—

When, in 1718, inoculation for small-pox was adopted in this country, the greatest uproar was stirred up against it. Not only was the whole medical world opposed to it, but farther, as Moore tells us in his amusing work on inoculation, "some zealous churchmen, conceiving that it was repugnant to religion, thought it their duty to interfere." * * * They wrote and preached that *inoculation was a daring attempt to interrupt the internal decrees of Providence*." Lord Wharncliffe, in his life of Lady Wortley Montagu, says, that the "clergy descended from their pulpits on its

* "Under the name *priest*," says Hartley Coleridge, "we comprehend all creatures, whether Catholic or Protestant, clerks or laymen, who either pretend to have discovered a by-way to heaven, or give tickets to free the legal toll-gates, or set up toll-gates of their own."—*Biographia Borealis*, p. 241.

impiety." Oh! if Mr. Paul and his Penny Pulpit reporters had but been living in those days, what gems of reasoning and rhetoric might have been preserved to us! Fortunately a few *Folia Sybillina* are yet extant. A Mr. Massey preached in 1722 in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, that "all who infused the various ferment were hellish sorcerers, and that inoculation was the diabolical invention of Satan." And one of the rectors of Canterbury, the Reverend Theodore de la Faye, perhaps exceeded this in a sermon preached in 1751, for he denounced with horror inoculation as the offspring of atheism, and drew a touching parallel between the virtue of resignation to the Divine will and its practice. Similar minds see similar objects under a similar view. And it is hardly necessary to observe the strong resemblance that exists between the arguments delivered in Holborn and Canterbury at the beginning of the last century to the expressions so recently uttered in the pulpit of St. Jude's at Liverpool. But the zeal of Mr. De la Faye was not content with one explosion. In 1753, two years only after his first discourse, he published a second sermon, called, "Inoculation an Indefensible Practice,"—in which, if possible, he outshone Herod, leaving all former declamations completely in the shade.

It was the same with vaccination:—

Again was the medical profession up in arms; again did the pulpits resound with denunciations. Some of the clergy discovered vaccination to be an antichrist. Moore, in his *History of Vaccination*, says, that "the opposition to vaccination was much more violent in England than in other countries." He says again, "the imaginations of many females were so much disturbed with tales of horror concerning it, that they could not even listen to any proofs of their falsehood." The learned author of the *Principles and Practice of Medicine* says, that when vaccination was introduced, "it was said that it was taking the power out of God's hand; that God gave us the small-pox, and that it was impious to interrupt it by the cow-pock. When I was a boy, I heard people say that it was an irreligious practice, and that it was taking the power out of God's hand, forgetting that it is merely using that power which God has given us. Sermons were preached against it, and handbills were stuck about the streets. I recollect seeing it stated in a handbill, that a person who was inoculated for the cow-pock had horns growing in consequence of it." These now are the annals of small-pox: and thus in a few years hence, when mesmerism shall be firmly established,—and when it will be as much a matter of course for a neuralgic patient to apply to its influence for a cure, as it is now for a mother to have her infant vaccinated, the future historian will relate, among the curiosities of the subject, that two sermons were actually preached one Sunday in Liverpool, denouncing as impious and satanic the practice of so simple, so common, and so natural an act as the exercise of the mesmeric manipulations.

But we must pause here, intending, however, to return to the volume.

Books, Music, and Works of Art for Review to be sent, for the Editor, to THE CRITIC Office, 344, Strand, adjoining Catherine-street.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

ANNOUNCEMENTS of new works still increase rapidly. And they are interesting and promising, as well as numerous. Tennyson, the poet, Mrs. Gore, W. H. Maxwell, and Samuel Warren (author of *Ten Thousand a Year*) are among the Christmas venturers. *Leonara, a Love Story*, has been ushered in amid much mysterious surmise as to its authorship. It is attributed to a lady, high in the ranks of aristocracy. Of course, all the small fry are busily at work. The "puffs" of many of them, and especially those of the *Punch* school, disgrace literature.—The Rev. J. H. Newman and his companions of the oratorian congregation are on their way to England; but as they intended to visit different religious institutions on the continent on their road home, they are not expected to arrive for several weeks.—Rajah Apurva Krishna, poet laureate to the King of Delhi, has just completed his historical poem called the *Shah Namah Hind*, or, *The History of the Emperors of Hindostan*, and it will be published in about a month. An

English translation is preparing, which will not be published till after the original work has been approved by his Majesty of Delhi. Rajah Apurva Krishna has received the expected firmans from his Majesty, which convey the royal approbation of his work.

MR. EMERSON'S LECTURES.—The American Lecturer delivered, last week, another address, at the Mechanics' Institute, Manchester. His subject was Domestic Life. After some introductory remarks, he said:—The love of wealth seems to grow chiefly out of the love of the beautiful. The desire of gold is not for the love of gold itself, but of the means of freedom and benefit. We desire to put no stint or limit on our enjoyment, our hospitality; but how can we do this if the wants of each day imprison us in locomotive labour, and constrain us to continual vigilance, lest we be betrayed into over-expense? "Give us wealth, and home shall exist." That is a very poor and inglorious solution of the problem, and therefore no solution. You ask too much. Few have wealth, but all must have a home. Men are not born rich; and in getting wealth, a man is sacrificed—often without acquiring wealth at last. Besides, our whole use of wealth needs reform. The great depend on their heart, not on their purse. Genius and virtue, like diamonds, are best plainly set. The greatest men in history were the poorest—Socrates, Epaminondas, Aristides, Emilius, and Cato. What kind of houses were kept by Paul and John, by Milton and Marvel, by Samuel Johnson and Jean Paul Richter? This vice of whole communities, "Give us wealth and we will have homes," leaves the whole difficulty untouched. It is better, certainly, in this form, "Give us your labour, and the household begins." I see not how the great labour of all, and of every day, is to be avoided. Many things befall a revolution of opinions and practice in respect to manual labour, that may go far to aid our practical inquiry. Another age may divide the manual labour of the world more equally over all members of society, and so make the labour of fewer hours of each day avail to the wants and add to the vigour of man. But the reform of the household must not be partial. It must correct the whole system of our social living; it must come with plain living and high thinking; it must break up caste, and put domestic service on another foundation; there must be the true acceptance by every man of his vocation, not chosen by parents and friends, but by his genius, with earnestness and love. Nor is the redress so hopeless as it seems. Our social forms are very far from truth and unity; and the way to set the axe to the root of the tree, is to raise our aim. A house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and furnished. It is not for festivity, for sleep—but to be a shelter always open to the good and the true. Its inmates know what they want; do not ask your house how theirs should be kept. Knowledge, character, action, absorb so much life, and yield so much entertainment, that the refectory has ceased to be so curiously studied. With a change of aim, will come a change of the whole scale by which men and things are measured. Wealth and poverty will be seen for what they are; that the poor are only they who feel poor, and that amongst the rich may be found many very indigent and ragged. The great want is, first of all, the indifference of circumstances, that calls into activity the higher perceptions, and subdues the low habits of comfort and luxury. Let a man say, "My house is here in the county for the culture of the county; an eating-house and sleeping-house for travellers it should be; but it should be much more. I pray you, O, excellent wife, number not yourself and me to get a curiously-rich dinner for this man or woman who has alighted at our gate; nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost; these things can be got for a few shillings in any village; but rather let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accents, and behaviour, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparingly and sleep hardly, to enjoy. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let the silent worship of truth and love, and honour and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds." (After referring to the mode of life of some of the later Romans, as described by the later Pliny, and to the noble housekeeping of Lord Falkland, as described by Clarendon, Mr. Emerson said) I honour that man whose ambition it is, not to win laurels in the state or the army, not to be a jurist or naturalist, a poet or commander, but to be a master of living well, and to administer nobly the office of master or servant, of husband, of father, and of friend. It requires

as much or more breadth of power for this, as for the other functions, and the reason of failure is the same: the vice of our housekeeping is that it does not hold man sacred. There is yet no house, because there is yet no housekeeper; as the tenant, such will be the abode; the one want is the want of men. To each man, soon after the age of puberty, some event becomes the crisis of life, the chief fact in his history. In woman, it is love and marriage, which is more reasonable; and yet it is pitiful to date and measure all the facts and sequel of an unfolding life from such a youthful and generally inconsiderate period as the age of courtship and marriage. In man, it is the choice of employment, his settlement in a town, removal east or west, or some other magnified trifles, which makes the meridian moment, from which all the after-life and actions derive a tone. Hence we very soon catch the trick of each man's conversation; and knowing this, we can anticipate what he thinks of each new topic. We do not know the majestic manners that belong to the true man; there are no divine persons with us, and the multitude does not hasten to be divine. Yet we hold fast all our life a faith in a better life, a better man, better relations, notwithstanding our total inexperience of a true society. The aspirations in the heart after the good and true teach us better; nay, men themselves, suggest a better life. One is struck in every company, at every fireside, with the riches of nature; hearing so many new tones, and all musical; seeing in each person original manners which have a proper and peculiar charm; and reading in new expressions of face that nature has laid for each the foundations of a divine building, if the soul will build thereon. Beyond the primary ends of the conjugal and parental relations, the household should cherish the sentiment of veneration. Whatever brings the dweller into a finer life; whatever draws upward his eye, or ear, or hand; whatever purifies or enlarges him, may well find place there. Yet let him not seek to turn his house into a museum; but rather, like the Greeks, hold that a work of art belongs to whoever can see it. The fountain of beauty is the heart, and every generous thought illustrates the walls of your chamber. Why should we owe our power or attraction to pictures, vases, cameos, and statues? Why convert ourselves into showmen? If, by love and nobleness, we take up into ourselves the beauty we admire, we should spend it again on all whom we love. Society has been indebted to the socialism of the day for valuable hints as to the dignifying and adorning of life for all—hints which will yet be ripened and executed in every society of civil men. As is the house, so is the neighbourhood and the town. Our communities, or towns of houses, ought to yield each other more solid benefits than we have yet learned to draw from them; for example, the providing of single individuals with the means and apparatus of science and of the elegant arts. Many things are of the highest value for occasional inspection or use, which few are able, perhaps none wish, to own. Such are optical and philosophical instruments, chemical apparatus, encyclopedias and dictionaries, charts, maps, and costly books of illustration, engravings, pictures, statuary. The use that any man can make of them is only rare, and their value is greatly enhanced by the numbers who can share the enjoyment of them. A collection of this kind would dignify every town that possessed it; it would then be a town for intellectual and humane purposes, and we should love and respect our neighbours the more. It would be easy for every town to discharge this truly municipal duty; every one of us would gladly contribute his share. Not aloof from this homage to beauty, but in strict connection therewith, the house will come to be esteemed also a sanctuary. The language of a ruder age declares that every man's house is his castle; the progress of truth will make every house a shrine. Will not man one day open his eyes and see how dear he is to the soul of nature, how near it is to him? Will he not see that his private being is a part of it; that his home is in his own innocent heart; that his economy, labour, good and bad fortune, health, manners, are all a curious and exact demonstration in miniature of the genius of the eternal providence? When he perceives the law he ceases to despise; while he sees it, every thought and act is raised, and becomes an act of religion. Does not the consecration of Sunday seem to confess the desecration of the entire week? Does not the consecration of the church in some manner confess the desecration of the house? Let religion cease to be occasional, and let the thoughts that go to the borders of the universe proceed from the bosom of the household. These are the ends to which the household is instituted, and for which the roof-tree stands. If these are sought, and in any good degree attained, can the state, can commerce, can the labours of

many for one, yield any thing better, or half so good? Beside these aims, society is weak, and the state is an intrusion; and to secure to you the enjoyment of your friends is to know the existence of that law, and to extol it to the end for which the state subsists. An ever-abiding friendship is the society of nature, which she hides from the thick of the crowd. The more need that the house be hallowed to purposes like these. The heroism which at this day would make on us the impression of an Epaminondas or a Phocion must be that of the domestic conqueror, who should gracefully subdue the Gorgon of fashion and custom, and shew manhood enough to lead a clean, noble, handsome, moral life amidst the beggarly elements of society around him. He who should teach me how to eat meat, take my repose, and deal with my money, without any shame following, would restore the life of man to splendour, and make his own name dear to all history.

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